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SHENSTONE-GREEN;

OR, THE

NEW PARADISE LOST.

STENSTON-GRAND

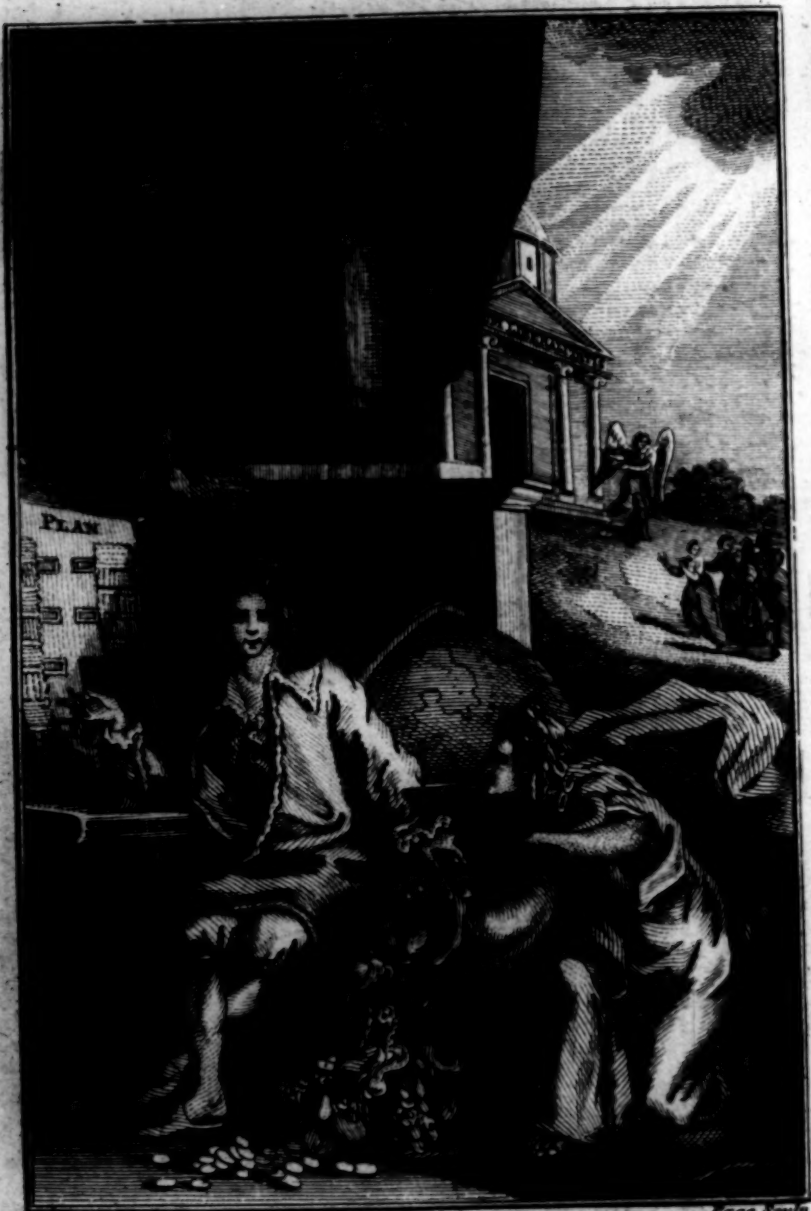
OF THE



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Page Sculp.

SHENSTONE-GREEN;

OR, THE

NEW PARADISE LOST.

BEING

A HISTORY OF HUMAN NATURE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

WRITTEN BY THE PROPRIETOR OF THE GREEN.

THE EDITOR

COURTNEY MELMOTH.^K

“Had I a Fortune of Eight or Ten Thousand Pounds
a Year I would build myself a Neighbourhood.”

SHENSTONE.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR R. BALDWIN, AT N^o. 47, IN
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SHENSTONE GREEN

ON THE

NEW PARADISE LOST

1710

A HISTORY OF HUMAN NATURE

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I

BY THE REV. JOHN GAY

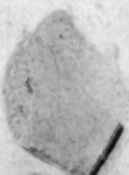


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Printed by J. G. Smith, at the British Museum, 1753.

LONDON: Printed by J. G. Smith, at the British Museum, 1753.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES WATSON WENTWORTH,
MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM,
THESE VOLUMES
ARE INSCRIBED
BY HIS
MOST DEVOTED, AND
OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.


VOL. I.

a

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES WATSON WENTWORTH,
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Vol. I.

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SHEN-

SHENSTONE-GREEN.

CHAP. I.

THE PROPRIETOR'S PREFACE.

I AM sitting down to write a book for the use of all those projectors who build towns upon poetical principles. No man is better qualified, as far as experience goes, to set this matter in a properer light than myself, because I have wasted more brick, mortar, and money, than any other individual in Europe. Let him who hath seen, judge; and let him

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B

point

point out proprieties to others who hath bitterly felt his own folly. It is on this principle that I shall circumstantially relate certain pleasantries which cost me many years of my time, and many thousand pounds of my money.

Not that this work will be generally useful; for, luckily, more of my readers erect houses for themselves than for others; and there is no danger of its ever becoming a *fashion* to ruin oneself by a good intention. Benevolence is in these days a tolerable oeconomist—as prudent a lady as could be well desired in a family—and we have nothing to fear from the influence of excessive virtues. The nation will never be destroyed that way.

Praise,

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Praise, therefore, to the discreet qualities of the age, my warning will be only for a few, and those chiefly a set of simpletons who work up their hearts to a warmth that mounts into the brain, and brings on the convulsions of sympathy. Such hath been my disorder.

It is to you, ye gentle beings, whose bosoms are fraught with foreign woes; whose weeping eyes and milky tempers render you the slaves rather than the friends of virtue: to you I address the sentiments and the adventures of a man who was arrogant enough to suppose he could make human creatures live FOR rather than UPON one another.

Yes, I am the man who hath attempted this. The success or miscar-

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riage of that attempt must be *your*
lesson. As to the rest of the world, I
desire heartily it may have *its laugh*.

I shall have no objection to such ri-
dicule. The labourer is worthy of
his hire.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

A GOOD-NATURED PAGE OR TWO,
WHICH MAY PERHAPS MEND THE
READER'S TEMPER.

ABOUT six years ago I had retired into one of the most romantick parts of Cumberland, and was one day so tenderly inclined—men have their fits of benevolence—that every thing within contact was the better for me. It happened to be a day too, wherein many opportunities of being gracious presented themselves. Destiny seemed to take advantage of it by a care to supply me with objects. It is worth your while to mark how my feelings were exercised. The old cat brought into the world nine young; and I saw

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eight of them basketted for death. Savage, cried I, to the servant, carry back the poor things to their mother! and instead of straw let them be wrapped up in cotton. Scarce was this reprieve given to the offspring of one party, before that of another rose to view. I was one of his majesty's justices, and, it seems, the peace, which it was my office to guard, had been broken by a wench who had been so improvident to follow the impulses of nature before they were sanctified by law. Wretch, (said the constable who was dragging her before me) how dare you bring your burthens on this parish? Wretch, (said I to the constable) what is that to thee? So I gently chid the mother, and kissed the child, for she had concealed herself

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 7

self till that time, and was taken in the wicked act of giving it suck. This fired the feelings of the constable and softened mine. Let a chamber and a cradle be provided for this child, and give something comfortable to the mother, and pray carry some new milk to the cat with nine kittens: Shall I save a cat, and have no charity for a fellow-creature? These strokes so smoothed me, and prepared for future events, that I was almost afraid to breathe out my joy, lest with that breath I should destroy the animalcula which naturalists say are thereby murdered. I set my foot on the ground with caution, lest I should crush some honest insect that might be as well disposed as myself. My very legs ached when I perceived I was within an hair's

breadth of extirminating an ant who was laden with food, which I could not but fancy was designed to a sick friend in the neighbouring hillock. As I pursued my walk along my garden, wishing the universe a thousand good lucks, I cast my eye astant a quick-set, and saw a Linnet extending the maternal wing over her nest. Looking behind me, I beheld the gardener whetting his sheers. Hark ye friend, said I, in that hedge there is a family which I take upon me to protect, and therefore so far from your clipping off a twig——But, sir, it spoils the look of the whole garden, interrupted the gardener. I was so shocked at the fellow's inhumanity, that my hand had, insensibly, got into my pocket to feel for the price of his discharge. Not
choosing

THE NEW PARADISE LOST.

choosing to be whimsical, I thought it best to go another way to work. I put half a crown into his hand, and told him I preferred the luxuriant branches of the natural hedge to the smuggest alteration he and his sheers could possibly make. This did not quite satisfy him. The man had got a habit of spoiling Nature, and loved lopping away a beauty in his soul. My Linnet seemed to suspect him. She had shifted about in her nest so as to command his whole person. I trembled for her. How is thy wife to-day, John? said I. As well as can be expected, sir, replied he, for a woman who looks to be brought to bed every hour; she has the head-ach too, and I am obliged to take off my shoes to go into her chamber. John, said I, you
are

SHENSTONE-GREEN, OR,
a very honest fellow—give me
your hand—let us walk and speak
softly : there is a worthy female in your
wife's situation, now in that hedge.

Is there, sir?—answered the gar-
dener in a whisper, and collecting into
his face all the lines of caution—hush—
—hush—hush—

He beckoned me exactly as he
would have done had I rashly opened
the door of his wife's chamber. The
sensation was brought home.

There is no call for sneers at pre-
sent, sir, said he, and the less we walk
that way the better—hush—hush—
hush.—

He now repeated his signal to keep
silence, and went off on tip-toe till he
gained the greensward.

Thus

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 13

Thus was my humour still more sweetened; I was so happy that I looked up to the sun, which shone on me, with emulation; with rivalry.

A little rhapsody escaped me—and, were it possible, my beam should be like thine. There is not a single object which some ray or other of my benevolence should not animate.

Taking my eyes from the heavens, and casting them to earth, I saw a cluster of Pinks drooping for want of a support. Warmed as I then was, 'tis inconceivable with how much pleasure I placed them about a stick and tied them gently round it. As they stood erect in their new attitude there came from them an odour that seemed to thank me. It may be the
fragrance

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fragrance of gratitude! Imagination
chose to think it such. What amiable
deception!

But I had just turned from the
flowers when an insect which settled
upon my left cheek stung me so sen-
sibly that I raised up my arm, and
spread my hand to flap it into annihi-
lation. Bodily pain is a trying point.
I took out a pocket-glass (which I
happened to have about me) and
viewed my enemy. The motion had
alarmed him, and his tongue was
taken out of my cheek. There are
strange traits in my character. I re-
presented him as having just risen from
banquetting to his heart's content.
The orifice he had made was not big-
ger than a small pin's head. The ap-
pearance

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 13

pearance was at worst that of a pimple—the pain was gone. It is but the harvest bump of an happy insect, said I.—It was too fine a day methought to banish any thing animate from the light, and I was in too good a temper to be vindictive.—

Get thee gone, fool, said I—shaking my head. Much good may it do thee. It buzzed thanks, and flew away.

At this crisis my daughter came running to tell me her Canary had recovered, and she had just saved her brood of Chicks from the Kite.

Better and better still, Matilda, said I, let us go into the house. The heart was stirred.

CHAP.

CH A P. III.

OF THE LATE WM. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

TO exercise the soul in benevolent trifles is a good way to prepare it for matters of more consequence. After these transactions, I and my daughter Matilda were sitting at the door of an airy hall that commanded one of the finest lawns in my garden. What an evening! said Matilda; is there any thing in nature, papa, so fine as a setting sun! Yes, said I in an extacy, starting at the same time from my seat, a *rising* one. Matilda agreed to the remark, but seemed surprised at the emotion. She did not know there was more “meant than met the ear.” While ideas were operating

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 15

rating into fit language there was a profound silence: and during this interval on our parts, the birds began to carol forth their evening songs, and all the notes of a summer sun-setting-time poured upon the ear. In this voluptuous sensation we remained, till Matilda ran to the library and brought a book, telling me, that *reading* was the only thing wanting to perfect our felicity. Then read, my dear, said I: read.

I have brought one of those books, papa, (continued Matilda) which was written by your friend *Mr. Shenstone*. Look ye, it is the second volume.

You could not have laid your fair hand on any thing so *apropos*. *Shenstone* is, of all other moderns, *the*
author

16 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
author to finish a fine evening after
having passed the former part of the
day in gentle deeds.

Where then shall I read?

You cannot open him amiss.

Ah! generous enthusiasm, how wert
thou befriended in this moment! The
first sentiment which Matilda recited
was the following. The soul of Shen-
stone shone through every syllable.

“I feel an avarice of social pleasure,
“which produces only mortification: I
“never see a town or city in a map,
“but I figure to myself many agree-
“able persons in it, with whom I
“could wish to be acquainted.”

What a thought! said I; I could
have found it in my heart to have
fallied

fallied out in searh of new and valuable acquaintance! The kind nerves began to thrill.

The next sentiment which my daughter pitched upon carried the matter still farther.

“What Miriads wish to be as blest as I!”

The idea of all the large property I possessed came across me, and I could not help saying—what Miriads then could I bless! The warmth of the blood increased.

The third passage cost me forty thousand pounds.

“Had I a fortune of eight or ten
“thousand pounds a year, I would,
“methinks, make myself a neighbour-
“hood. I would first build a village

“ with a church, and people it with
 “ inhabitants of some branch of
 “ trade that was suitable to the coun-
 “ try round. I would then, at proper
 “ distances, erect a number of genteel
 “ boxes, of about a thousand pounds
 “ apiece, and amuse myself with giving
 “ them all the advantages they could
 “ receive from taste. These would I
 “ people with a select number of well-
 “ chosen friends, assigning to each an-
 “ nually the sum of two hundred
 “ pounds for life. The salary should
 “ be irrevocable in order to give them
 “ independency. The house, of a
 “ more precarious tenure than, in cases
 “ of ingratitude, I might introduce
 “ another inhabitant.”

At the close of this sentence which,
 by the bye, did not finish the passage,
 Matilda

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 19

Matilda kissed the printed page and said a thousand civil things of the author. It was impossible to go any further. My whole soul was at work. Dost thou not begin to smile reader?

Ah! Matilda, had I permitted thee to read the other period, thou mightest have been at least forty thousand pounds richer.

We shall close Mr. Shenstone's book and this chapter together. It shows a good deal.

C H A P. IV.

WHICH PROVES THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER TO BE A STRANGE GIRL.

THE gentle Matilda took me by the arm, and we had another turn in the garden. The last lingering efforts of light were glimmering. It was the still hour, when benevolent schemes are best projected. Sitting down on a painted bench, we entered into conversation. Daughter, said I, were it not for thee, I feel myself this moment full of a plan that I should certainly put in practise. The plans, which my papa forms, *must* be all generous, and I am, therefore, concerned to hear that *I* stand in the way
betwixt

betwixt him and a generous action. Matilda, you are naturally intitled to my fortune. It is a bachelor only who can be rich enough to be whimsical. There is a powerful check on a father. He is accountable to his child for every guinea; so that though I am full (as I said before) of a scheme which might perhaps build up the happiness of many families, I cannot persuade myself to do it on the ruins of thy inheritance. No, I would rather seem just than romantick.

Pray, sir, how rich may you be?

I have ten thousand a-year and some ready money, Matilda.

Had I that sum, I should lay out *nine* of them, annually, in the cause

22 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
of various humanity, and live like a
queen upon my tenths.

Indeed!

And does my papa suppose I could
be guilty of employing more than a
thousand pounds a-year upon *myself*?
(I told thee, reader, she was a strange
girl.)

Oh! there are many who employ
that sum on their individual selves in
a month, my dear.

Perhaps so: but it is a *science* too
difficult for your Matilda; so pray
pursue your project, sir.

Will it not clip the wing of your
future liberality should mine be now
exerted to the usage of the greatest
part of my fortune? Consider Ma-
tilda.

Can

Can a great example—can learning me how to fly to the noblest heights clip the wings of liberality? No, sir, it will rather expand them; the sooner generous actions are done the better; and the sooner you learn me the *art* of doing them in the most effectual manner, the more reason shall I have to thank you. Pray, papa, do your duty by me.

How much, Matilda, would you give to see a large groupe of your fellow-creatures perfectly independent? To have all their tears dried up, and to make them uninterruptedly happy? Suppose, I say, such a point rested with you, at what rate would you purchase it? Be ingenuous.

Let me see—you have, you say ten thousand pounds a-year: why

then I would give precisely *nine thousand five hundred*; and if one very hard place yet remained which *another* hundred could smooth, I would not stand out for that too. The *rest* I would keep in my own hands, because I have a right to independence as much as another. (Didst ever hear such a Simpleton, reader!)

And this you would actually and cheerfully do upon your honour?

Cheerfully and actually upon my honour.

Then my dear let us go into the house, and see what steps are necessary to *realize* the benevolent project of friend SHENSTONE.

What a delicious idea, said Matilda, with tears in her eyes: blessed
be

be the memory of the charming poet
for suggesting the thought, and blessed
the spirit of my father which carries
it into execution.

We talked over the matter for two
hours, and then parted for the night.
To which fool, reader, dost thou give
preference; the father, or the child?

C H A P. V.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROPRIETOR'S
STEWARD.

REPOSE was banished from the pillow. She was chased away as an unwelcome guest. Fancy and all her fairy train were admitted in her stead. I could not help anticipating my joys; and upon meeting Matilda at breakfast, I found we had passed the night in the same way. It was presently resolved to seek out a convenient spot upon which my village was to be built. This, Matilda said, must be such a retreat as naturally gave scope for all the flourishes of art and nature. I enjoyed the gravity with

with which she advised me, in my choice of ground, to take care it commanded verdant walks, and winding vallies, hills regularly climbing one beyond another, with plenty of shade for love and for poetry, forests of the thickest gloom for philosophers, and water for cascades and for convenience. You cannot, papa, said she, be too cautious in this particular, for if your village is not well situated, and highly embellished, it will be impossible to make any thing of it.

But although one might allow this embroidery to the gaiety of a girl like Matilda, I did not think it decent so to tassel and fringe my *own* ideas; being indeed more solicitous about finding a *wholesome* spot, than one merely poetical and picturesque.

But

Yet notwithstanding my ardour, I soon perceived there would be more heads than one necessary to be summoned. The labour of my scheme multiplied as I thought on it; and the more I weighed it, the more caution and consultation became necessary. What would I not have given for the assistance of half a dozen heads as well turned to the airy mechanicks of building castles as myself. But I was too well read in the modern history of the heart to suppose my plan would meet general approbation. How did I wish that friend *Shenstone* himself was yet alive, that I might repair to Hales-Owen, and turn his paradise of the Leasowes into a village garden. How conformable, said I, would this be to the philanthropic turn of his mind!

What

What a pleasing compliment to raise up a neighbourhood in the way he himself chalked out!

Meditating on these points, it was long before I could select, from the circle of my friends, any persons whom I conceived proper to speak to on the subject. Matilda had all the favourable dispositions in the world to expend money upon plausible projects; but her imagination was too florid, and her years too tender, to assist me in the actual execution.

It was at the time that I was thus undetermined whom to choose for a confidant, that a man who had been twenty eight years the family steward, and whose locks were grown silver in honest servitude, made his appearance
before

before me. He was an arch, experienced fellow, possessed much of that which receives half its merit from a quaint manner and delivery, and had so competent a skill in general subjects, that he obtained in my parish the nick-name of *The Oracle*.

Some of his qualities would, I own, have deterred me from disclosing the circumstance to him, had not others encouraged me. These encouragements were principally the goodness of his heart, and the queerness of his humour; the first of which induced him to a thousand worthy actions, and the second rendered him a most companionable creature. He was starch, stay'd, generous, waggish, original, and odd.

But

But the business which he now came about was favourable to that greater one which rolled in my mind. He came to inform me, that as the warm weather was now set in, my sheep might be SAFELY washed and sheered. There is no danger now, sir, said he, of the poor fools catching cold; for, in troth, it always gives me the stomach-ach whenever I see them ducked head over heels, and then sent, without their warm coats, to shake and shiver in the shade. But now, sir, *now* the closer you clip, the cooler. Whet the sheers, sir; whet the sheers.

This looked to me like the exact moment of communication, and I bid Mr. Samuel Sarcastm shut the door and come nearer. I took his wrist.

Honest Samuel, said I, you have been very long an ornament to my family, and I hope you and your's will continue in it to the latest posterity. You must know I have present occasion for your assistance. I have thoughts of improving my estate, particularly that part which lieth in Wales. ;

If, indeed, you could bring that to *bear*, sir, said Samuel, you would do something; for there is about ten acres of heath on the left side of your plantations and nurseries that disgust me horridly: that part of the earth seems to be lazy, sir, and answereth not the ends of its creation; and ten acres of waste is atrocious; quite atrocious.

Very

Very true : what is to be done, Samuel?

Why, fir, as it is gone too far for the plough, and, I believe, would not grow much grain, I do not know but it might answer well enough for some other purpose. Your tenant, Turnland, who occupies the Leas beyond it, tells me, there are such a scarcity of houses in that part of Wales, that a man of property might venture to build a little.

To *build*, Samuel?—Pray go on—your discourse charms me.

I am moreover instructed, fir, that many huts thereabouts are dropping into decay, and that the Welch landlords are, in general, too poor to re-build. Suppose, therefore, that you

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were to run up a few neat cottages and small farm-houses in this very spot that I speak of; depend on it they would lett well, and thus we might make the ground grateful to the proprietor perforce.

Very true, upon my soul, Samuel, cried I in great rapture, and we will call it SHENSTONE-GREEN.

Call it what you will, fir, replied Samuel, but were I you, I would insist on making every foot of land that I had in the world *do its duty*. To let ground lie idle, because it is naturally indolent, is, as I take it, criminal, fir. No man should presume to say a thing is barren till he sees it is impossible to make it bring forth.

A noble

A noble argument, Samuel, and I can improve it. Fetch *Shenstone*, Matilda: *Shenstone*, Volume the second.

While Matilda was gone into the library, the good steward sat himself coolly down, and began his calculation. But scarce had he demonstrated twice eight to be sixteen, before Matilda came skipping in with *Shenstone*.

Read, man (said I to Samuel, giving him the book, and pointing to the passage). No sooner had he read it, than he laid down the book upon a table, and said with a significant smile—it is fine talking.

Well, Samuel, what do you think of it?

I said, sir, it is fine talking.

But suppose one was to *act* in that manner? Would it not be pleasing? Would it not be carrying the human almost into the divine nature?

It would indeed, sir; it would be doing as one should never be done by; and so far it would be exceeding the commands of holy writ, which only ordereth us to do unto others as we wish they would do unto us; and to wish any man to throw away his money and time in that manner would be atrocious; quite atrocious.

Samuel, Samuel, I am resolved upon my scheme, and so do not attempt to sneer me out of it. I will act according to that advice you have just read, and I will have a town of my own for purposes therein mentioned,

tioned, without delay. A town I will build, and the name of it shall be SHENSTONE-GREEN.

Then, sir, it would be atrocious in me to gainsay it; so if you will please to intrust the book to me, I will calculate how much you can do with your income in conformity to the gentleman's fancy. But, under favour, sir, who might be the projector of this romance?

I now showed Samuel the title-page, which stands thus: "The Works, in Prose and Verse, of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq. with Decorations."

Decorations indeed, said Samuel, putting the book into his pocket;

D 3 thy

thy head was well decorated, Mr. Poet, I warrant it.—Then turning to me—I marvel, fir, this passage should be in *prose*, for I will be so bold to say it has all the properties of *poetry*, and might very well figure in a fairy tale; but, fir, it is your affair and not mine, and it would be therefore atrocious for me to say more.

To-morrow, fir, added he, I will tell you within an hundred of bricks what may be done.

In so doing, Samuel, you will oblige me, and in the mean time assure yourself that, with the assistance of a deputy, thou shalt be steward of *Shenstone-Green*.

It sufficeth, replied Samuel, and so went away.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

THE PROJECT ADVANCES.

IN THIS SHORT CHAPTER THE PROPRIETOR CARRIES THE READER FROM ENGLAND TO WALES.

PERFECTLY soothed and satisfied with myself and with my project, I coloured the new Arcadia, which I was about to raise around me, in the most attracting manner. The golden age, said I, shall presently be realized. I could almost have shed tears of joy at finding myself able to carry on my scheme as it seemed to deserve, namely, upon the broadest scale of general benevolence.

In the triumph of these prospects, the steward again advanced with the paper of calculation in his hand. The generous enthusiasm had, by this time, got so close to my heart, that I could scarce bear his method of measuring every thing that was to be done in the matter by the rule of mathematical certainty. Friend, Samuel, (said I to him, as he deliberately advanced towards me) we must not be over exact in this affair. We must, as it were, indulge our tempers in a sort of poetical licence—a few thousand pounds, one way or other, should make no difference in the great cause of communicating joy. What though I shall attempt what was never attempted before? This will rather
urge

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 41

urge me to go on than to desist. If therefore you stand too strictly upon the *minutiæ*, it will distress and not serve me; for I have a few odd thousands at my banker's which may serve to make up deficiencies, in case of an exigence.

Ah! would to God, said Matilda, the village were set fairly about! *Shenstone-Green!* What a sweet name!

The account stands thus, said the steward with infinite phlegm, offering a paper:

“SAMUEL SARCASM'S
Calculation for the building, peopling,
and repairing a village on a
New Construction——in order
TO GIVE AWAY.”

The

The sordid title to his account ran so little to my mind, that I threw down the paper, and resolved to read no further. The very idea of such oeconomy shocked.

What said I, unfeeling Samuel, would you think of your master, if he was to lavish his whole fortune in the *vices* of ages.

I should think, sir, that he was a very bad man.

But, since he resolves to improve it in the manner insinuated, what opinion dost thou form of him in that case?

That he is better, sir, than it is necessary.

Pshaw,

Pshaw, said Matilda, I have no patience with such old fellows. Their feelings are absorbed in the rules of multiplication. In the name of *Sbenstone* set all hands to work, papa, and follow the dictates of your own heart in spite of all the stewards in Christendom. I should die if you were not to finish *Sbenstone-Green*.

Enough said, replied the steward; I see you have made up your mind, sir, and I shall only say further, that the job shall be done as cheap as possible. I accept the stewardship because I think I can save at least enough out of the mere brick and mortar business, (for masonry is atrocious) to set up half a dozen of your traders. It is sinful, sir, to waste the tenth part of a tile.

Spoke

44 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

Spoke like a faint, Samuel, said I;
then no more talking, but to work.
We will set out for Wales to-morrow;
and, when we are arrived there, the
affair shall be finished out of hand.

The sooner, sir, it is *finished*, said
Samuel Sarcaſm, the better for you.

Then order the neceſſary prepara-
tions without delay, answered I,
ſpeaking quick.

They ſhall be ordered, ſaid Samuel,
ſpeaking ſlow.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

THE PROPRIETOR BUYS A BOOK.

THE soul and all its affections were in so glowing, and, if I may so say, so glorious a heat during these preparatory circumstances, that there was no time to feel the force of *but's*, *ifs*, *whys*, *wherefores*, or any other stops, which, in a colder moment might bar up a man's passage. Passion victoriously leaped over all, and disdained to wait for the dampening effects of a prudential or political maxim. It was in vain, therefore, that the steward obliquely threw in my way any hints to detain me any longer in Cumberland. I sat up
all

all night to arrange my affairs there to my inclination. I took care that my absence should neither be lamented by the poor nor the rich. I put every thing in a fair train of going on smoothly, and actually set out, with my steward, for my estate in Wales at dawning of the day. Matilda remained in Cumberland with her cousin, who had been many years a part of my family, and who was one of those men in whom curiosity of every kind, but that which related to dog, gun, and game, was absolutely dead. Happy vagabond! How was he to be envied!

It would have been insupportable to toil through so long a journey, had not imagination alleviated the length of the road; but, with *her* assistance,

the mile-stones were measured, and passed, without anxiety. Though there was, in reality, nothing on the side of me but the arch muscles of the steward, (who grinned a silent sarcasm on my scheme in every lineament of his face) yet I pictured all that is beautiful and bewitching. I stopped at a large market-town to change horses, and was struck with the title of a work which hung at a bookseller's window. Buy that book for me, said I, Samuel. He did so; and we proceeded in our journey.

C H A P. VIII.

THE BOOK IS EXAMINED.

THIS volume was the “Description of *Millenium-Hall*, and the country adjacent, together with the characters of the inhabitants, &c.”—If my fancy was before heated, it was, upon the reading this performance, fairly in flames: Not that I approved all the regulations of the *Millenium Society*, or thought the system of benevolence by any means satisfactory, but because I was, just at that time, in the humour to catch avidly at every thing that gave an opportunity to praise my own project, and oppose the significant looks of Samuel, *The Oracle*.

But

But that obstinate mortal was proof against all artillery, and did not seem a whit persuaded by the most florid "Description of Millennium-Hall." Had the fellow's face been cut in marble, it could not have been more pertinaciously fixed; and when I came to that part of the performance where the enchanting society assembled together in a spacious hall, to pursue each a favourite and elegant amusement, he twisted up his rusty fibres into a kind of ludicrous contraction, (mixing, as it were, smiles and frowns) and said, if I would give him leave, he would offer his humble opinion upon as much of the book as had been yet read. But Mr. Sa-

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E

muel's

CHAS

50 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
muel's harangue being a precious
relict, it deserves to stand alone
in a separate chapter. It is a
most *atrocious* morsel indeed.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

A PANEGYRIC ON WOMEN AND BOOKS.

THE Oracle began with these words:

I commence with observing, fir, that books are *atrocious*. They are, in general, so much *above* or *below* life, that either way one can expect no truth. *Common-sense* is thought too dull, and all *other* sense is so useless, that, I should be glad to know, what can keep the presses in employment? Why, fir, nothing but fancy, and folly, and *fine* sense, which, I assert once more, is *no* sense at all. This being my notion of books in general, you will judge

E 2 what

what it is of romances in particular. Romances, fir, I define to be of all atrocious things the *most* atrocious, because they describe matters that never were, and, I hope to heaven, never *will* be. This being the case, it follows that very few books ought to be either printed or read; and of all books I set down that same Millenium-Hall as containing the greatest share of things impossible.

Here I frowned.

Frown as you will, fir, it behoves me to say (since my opinion is asked) I can prove *that* romance to be impracticable in its first setting out. Why, fir, the first principle is *atrocious*. Do you think that Miss Mansell, and Miss Morgan, Lady M. Jones, Mrs. Selvyn, Mrs. Trentham, and all the

other Lady Bountifuls, could live together in the same house without lovers, husbands, or quarrels? Sir, sir, sir, you must be exceedingly atrocious in the knowledge of women not to know that this is altogether out of nature.

I bit my lips.

That may be, sir, (replied Samuel, sticking to his point) but I am sure mistakes would every day, not to say, every *hour*, happen, to set this *Attic School*, as you call it, in an uproar. I remember very well the pretty postures in which they are described *sitting in the book*; but bring them out of that book into real life, and I would engage for an alteration. If you, sir, knew the sex when *shut up*

together under the same roof, you would be surprised at the impudence of a fellow who would tell you of their living in harmony for such a number of years. No, no; times and seasons would come about, if you were *with* them, when Mrs. Maynard would throw her orrery at Mrs. Selvyn, who, like a true woman, would throw her book at Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Mansell, notwithstanding her being the finest form, and albeit, had beautiful brown hair, would toss her Madona at Mrs. Trentham's carved figure, and away, I warrant you, would go that same carved work to knock off the beautiful brown-haired Mrs. Mansell's Madona.

Prithee, dear sir, if you mean, that your new town should last till the

4

bricks

bricks are cemented, do not put half a dozen ladies of spirit in any part of it together. He paused, and then went on.

They may do very well, sir, in a romance, (like your Millenium-Hall) but to introduce them upon *Shenstone-Green* would put all Wales in confusion. No, no, we will build better than that too. Our village shall be of another gues's construction.—No Maynards and Mansells.

This last remark re-instated the sagacious Mr. Samuel in perfect favour. It looked like giving a little into my project, and through that acquiescence were my affections now to be taken.

I arrived, in due season, at my estate, and received the homage of

my Welch tenants. It was the business of the next morning to inspect the waste-ground alluded to, and we found it the very best spot in the world for *Sbenstone-Green*.

(Of this you will the better judge when you read the letter I sent my daughter.

TO MATILDA BEAUCHAMP, in CUMBERLAND.

“I AM just come, my dear, from
 “taking a survey of the ground that
 “is to be fixed on for *Sbenstone-Green*.
 “It exactly suits us. At the back
 “are the finest nurseries of woods in
 “Wales; it stands on an eminence;
 “it is almost an oval, and the green
 “which struggles through the thistles
 “is a sort of velvet-moss. No carpet
 “ was

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“ was ever softer. Springs of living
“ water come issuing from the ad-
“ jacent mountains, and there is an
“ abundance of game in the vallies.
“ Add to which, it is on my pri-
“ vate estate, so that houses and
“ lands will be essentially created
“ out of my own property. Sa-
“ muel is writing for builders, and
“ we shall have both men and
“ money without loss of time. You
“ shall come soon. Mean while,

“ I am,

“ Your most affectionate father,

“ BENJAMIN BEAUCHAMP.”

It is almost incredible to conceive
how soon Samuel collected hands.
The sons of the trowel poured in on
every

every side from every quarter; and, though Wales is not very favourable to materials for village-building, I soon saw that money would enable me to make a city instead of a country town.

C H A P. X.

THE EFFUSIONS OF ENTHUSIASM.

I Remember nothing ever pleased me so thoroughly as the figure, physiognomy, and behaviour of the person who came down (in his own carriage) to me in the capacity of schemer. There was a great deal of architecture in all his features. He looked too, as if he could build up and pull down exactly in a manner the most pleasing to his employers. Certainly never was proprietor better suited with a projector.

He no sooner examined the ground than he protested it was *capable of every thing*. For the sake of society
he

he advised the form of the village to be circular, and so, making a ring, he gave directions to fix the line for twenty-five boxes equidistant, leaving space for garden before and behind. The traders cottages were to lie at some little distance in a separate quarter. In the centre was to be a pedestal and statue erected to the memory of *Shenstone*; there was to be a parish church; and the houses were to be accurately alike. In short, there was to be every thing that could charm the sight or the senses on *Shenstone-Green*.

Such was the schemer's dispatch, that he was ready for the rest of the artificers in a trice, and all hands went merrily to work. No language
can

can express the trembling joy with which I laid *myself* the first stone and brick for the building of *Shenstone-Green*. In the very instant it was doing, I considered myself as about to raise a *Temple to Generosity*. The quantity of beef and beer given away on this occasion might have deluged the honesty of five hundred freeholders at an English election. The artificers told me that unless the ground was well watered, or, to speak more properly, well *beered*, no future crops of felicity were to be expected. To prevent, therefore, all misfortunes of this nature, carpenters, masons, and even the schemer himself got so thoroughly intoxicated for the future honour and prosperity of *Shenstone-Green*, that until three days after the
debauch,

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debauch, not a finger could wag in
the way of its profession.

In due time, however, the hour of sobriety returned, and I had the pleasure to see every body in earnest. Help me to describe the bliss, ye children of Hope and Imagination—ye who have built *your* castles in the clouds—help to say, how I rejoiced at the prospect of so much generous labour! More than fifty times a-day did I walk round and round the space allotted for the village, stopping a-while at every ten yards to indulge the effusions of my enthusiasm. *Here*, perhaps, said I, in this spot, may, by and by, reside one of my best friends, now pining in poverty. On this barren heath, which hath hitherto re-
founded

founded only with the noise of goats, shall echo the happy conversation of human beings. Flowers shall usurp the place now occupied by brambles, and even religion shall move, with fainted steps, over MY GREEN.

Though it was difficult to pass over the bricks, the lime, and the mortar, I congratulated myself very heartily on such little embarrassments. This confusion, said I, touching my steward on the shoulder—this confusion, Samuel, arises not from the desolation of conquest. The heaps of rubbish which impede our passage *here*, are not created by the ruins of some fair city, which hath fallen the victim of a military fury, who magnifies
murther

murther into patriotism.—No, Mr. Steward; every brick that you now behold shall be presently converted to the purposes of benevolence. Those waggons are laden with the materials of future happiness. Love and friendship shall flourish in the little temples that are raised from thence; and I look therefore with a kind of veneration on the very horses that are thus engaged in the service of *Shenstone-Green*. Though a little frenzy, reader, might then touch me, was I not to be envied?

The horses, sir, said Samuel, are very much obliged to you; so, if you please, we will withdraw to the mansion-house, where I have something to show your Honour.

With

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With all my heart, honest Samuel, said I; with all my heart. A child might have led me at discretion.

C H A P. XL.

A PROJECT DESTROYED BY A LAUGH.

THE mansion-house to which we were then retiring, stood about a mile to the right of the future *Shenstone-Green*. It was *there* that I lodged my workmen, (the house being extremely commodious) till their labours should be completed; and we had no sooner got within sight of the building, than Samuel stopped short to lean on his stick, and beg I would look about me.

Sir, said he, a thought strikes me. Behold the venerable seat of your forefathers, none of whom ever had any notion of dipping themselves up to

to the very neck in mortar as you are about to do. Your ancestors, sir, lived in this house, which is almost a town of itself. Now, sir, as *you* do not choose to live like your ancestors, but are resolved, atrociously resolved, to introduce things that were never before heard of, I presume to hope you will have no objection to go the cheapest way to work.

Certainly, Mr. Sarcastm, said I.

That being the case, sir, replied Samuel, you have now an opportunity to save a world of money.

Here he held out his stick.

That building is surely large enough sir, to fill with families that do not properly belong to you. There is

sufficient room within that edifice to make a pretty expensive tryal of your project.

Well, and what then, Mr. Samuel Sarcastm? said I. I could freely have taken his stick to thrash him.

Why then, Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, replied he, I would humbly advise that you turn out all the men, horses, bricks, and other *materials of benevolence* from *Sbenstone-Green*, and suffer kine to browse the thistle and to nip the grafs, till you see whether it *answers* to proceed. It will be time enough to enlarge, sir, when this goodly mansion is filled to your mind.

I was on the edge of a reply to this proposal, when the projector
came

came running to acquaint me of a new improvement.—I immediately told him of Samuel's plan, and did not fail to mix it up with a decent degree of ridicule.

The projector burst into such an immoderate degree of laughter, that I could not help joining him, and Samuel coughed again with color. There was more wisdom and goodness in Samuel's cough than the projector's laughter.

C H A P. XII.

CONTAINING A CURIOUS ADVERTISE-
MENT.

BUT this, sir, said the steward recovering himself, this is not the business I was going to talk of. Please to come with me into the mansion-house, and I will show you I have not been idle in pushing on the project of *Shenstone-Green*. So far contrarywise, that I have been employing myself as serviceably as Mr. Projector himself; though it must be owned I am not so merry.

This put me again into good humour. A man of my temper, and engaged in my way, is always pleased,
if

if you do but flatter the parts which most deserve to be censured. I walked into the house with the very person who had before offended me, *arm in arm.*

Pity the infirmity of a castle-builder, reader, and proceed.

My friend Samuel put a paper into my hand, and desired my opinion. In the full assurance of receiving pleasure, I opened it; and read what follows:

ADVERTISEMENT I.

WANTED, as many lazy and unfortunate people as can properly fill twenty or thirty houses of three rooms on a floor.

N. B. The houses will be on a new plan.

ADVERTISEMENT II.

WHEREAS a well-disposed gentleman, aged fifty, (and sound in mind) having an only daughter (who dispises money) and ten thousand pounds to throw away in charitable *abuses*, hereby gives notice to the public, *that*, he is making a town for the good of mankind, with all possible dispatch; and, humbly invites every body, who have neither house or home, to hold themselves in readiness, as they may depend upon hearing further the moment things are fit for their reception. Such *miserables*, therefore, as choose to be well lodged, and to enjoy an irrevocable salary of two hundred pounds

per

per annum for life, without paying lot or scot, will please to fend in their names (real and fictitious) as well as places of present abode (whether in garrets or cellars), that a proper quantum of soap and clean linen may be transmitted to their several apartments, prior to their appearance before the worthy gentleman who is at the whole cost of the scheme.

N. B. Broken limbs, hump backs, bandied legs, and all other infirmities, whether of flesh or bone, internal or external, will be esteemed so many *additional recommendations*. It is therefore requested, that candidates will never think themselves unqualified, but repair to *Shenstone-Green*

Green on stilts, stumps, and all manner of other ingenious contrivances whatsoever. God save the well-disposed gentleman!

This was such a reflexion on the more noble views of my soul, that I considered the steward too abject at that time for my resentment; and, therefore, collecting together all the coolness of philosophy, even in the midst of a poetical pursuit, I told him I thought his advertisements were just what I expected from *his elegant pen*, and that the sooner he committed them to the press, the better. I believe Samuel was piqued at my taking his sarcasm so tranquilly, for he turned upon his heel with an abruptness that at once denoted anger and

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and disappointment. My fortitude on this occasion, however, had so good an effect, that Mr. Samuel dropped his importunities from that moment, for at least two days.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

THE PROPRIETORS WEAKNESS AND
SINGULARITY.

IN the mean time the builders went briskly on, and in a few months, a very goodly shew of houses began to promise the future completion of my hopes. No sooner did the heath begin to assume the look of a town, than I surveyed it with self-congratulation. As I never suffered my imagination to be cooled, either by the idea of expence or by the far-castle strokes of my steward, it kindled every day into more ardour, and, I very well remember, my heart was so full when I saw the project nearly concluded, that I retired into
a shady

a shady walk, which some adjacent poplars afforded me, and burst into tears.

Ah! what a voluptuous moment!
Ah! what tears were these! represent to yourself, reader, a man whose fancy was embellished with the most exalted and amiable views.

Well, said I, it is now time to look about me. I have made a village. How pleasing the axe, the chissel, and mallet, echo one another! there is something generous in the sound. Scarce had this idea passed, before I beheld one of the workmen dragging along a sledge with freestone and marble, ready polished, for the inferior parts of some of my buildings. The big drops of labour
coursed

courfed down his forehead, and at every dozen yards he ftopped a little to breathe and to gather ftrength. As the next pause he made was within a few paces of me, I faw plainly his fituation. The veins of his face and neck feemed to diftend with the force of pulling—the mufcles of an athletic man looked to be burfting. It is amazing to think what I felt!—Poor fellow, faid I advancing, thou art a good foul I am fure; at the fame time my heart urged me to carry my handkerchief to his forehead, and to wipe away the fweat.

“ I could have hugged the greafy rogue,
He pleafed me,” reader.

As to that, mafter, faid the labourer, it don’t fignify; I always
fweats;

sweats; but if your Honour would give us a drop of the dear creature, I should like it much better than a wipe of the face with a white handkerchief. Odds bobs, fir, we have a heavy batch of business at the *Green* yonder.

The dear creature shall be much at your service as soon as I can fetch it from the mansion-house; but at present a little rest will be not amiss, so sit down under these trees, and let us talk.

By chance I had, in a side-pocket, a half-pint flask of cordials, which I sometimes carried in case of accidents like the present. Before the preceding speech, therefore, was finished, I recollected this circumstance, and produced it to view. The change in the

man's features at sight of the flask was remarkable enough. Lord, fir, said he, licking his lips, what a good gentleman you are—don't you find it *nation* hot, fir? Oh! what a pleasant sight is one of your narrow-necked, gluck, glucking gentry, when a man is a-dry.

I gave him the bottle, which was in a moment glued to his lips; and after he had drank, he sat upon the grafs, and the following conversation passed between us.

Sir, said the man, (shaking the brick-dust from his shirt) I have long wished for the honour of talking with you, and I am glad, through your Honour's goodness, that I have got this opportunity. I am poor but honest.

Speak freely *honest* friend, then.

Why then, fir, about this same *Shinstun-Green*.—Is it really a *factotum* that you are putting yourself to all this charge for other folks? The talk goes amongst the masons and bricklayers that you design to give away house, and land, and money, almost to any man that is poor and honest.

The report is true.

And won't you really think better on't, and give them the bite, fir? Will your Honour go thorough stich with this affair?

Why should you doubt me?

Because, fir, I have my reasons.

Name them.

VOL. I. G Why

Why here have I been mason's man and master mason going on of twenty years, and worked in that time for gentle and simple, yet never heard of such an honourable man as your Honour in my life. Look ye, fir, our business goes on in a regular channel. A man comes to me and says, Master Hewit, or Henry, or Mr. Henry Hewit, I want a house built, or a wall run up, or some such matter. Upon that I takes my bag of work-tools, and goes to the place, where I finishes my jobb for so much the piece or so much the day. But first I tries to get as much as I can for my work, and my employer tries, on his side, to get my work as cheap as possible. My bargain being once struck, I must abide by it; and let the

the sun burn my guts out, not a nogg-
ing of drink *extra* would be given
to save 'em

Drink, friend; pray drink.

Discourse, to be sure, heats; so
here's to your extraordinary Honour's
health. Well, sir, jobb being finished,
we separate; my master pays me
growlingly, and goes into the house
I have built. Now here lies the
difference: you give us all our own
fair price, and pay chearfully for
extra, and instead of going into the
house yourself, you clap in a family
who shall perhaps be found skulking
under the hedges. Odds bobs, sir,
if a poor body should but make water
against the walls of *other* people that
I have worked for—yes, and substan-

tial folks too—whew they would be sent to prison directly.

That is cruel.

Cruel, your Honour—why I tell you you are a nonsuch. I am a good judge. Look ye, fir, I was building up Sir James Ranter's chimney-piece, and a block of marble fell, and lent me such a sliver as broke my arm—there's a scar for you. Well—I got two shillings for this stroke from Sir James, and two and twenty damns from the master-bricklayer, who therewithal discharged me for being careless. But when I think of this, fir, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth with revenge; it really makes me dry again. One little drop more, if you please, fir.

With pleasure—drink heartily.

And

And so, fir, you *will* act in contradiction to all the world? You will be a friend to the friendless?

I will.

Then am I a sad scoundril to waste my time here in talking, when I might be better employed, saving your Honour's remarkable presence, and when the sooner the work is done the better.

Saying this, the man rose up abruptly, made his bows, and ran off with his sledge of marble blocks as if they were so many feathers.

A mighty action I shall make of it after all, said I; here is a poor fellow who labours in the cause, and wishes to finish the work, though his

own interest depends on its continuance.

As I reflected on this matter, I regretted that a long *habit of doing nothing, i. e.* living like a gentleman, had made it impossible for me to work myself and pay others at the same time.

So then, said I, all the merit I can claim upon this occasion is making a decent use of a large fortune, which came to me by inheritance, without any effort on my part. From this moment I looked on the multitude of workmen, which were variously employed, as more solid benefactors than myself. Whether I ever had reason to change my opinion will be seen presently. All things in their order.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

MORE WEAKNESS, AND AN EXTRA-
ORDINARY PETITION.

THERE are singularities in my character, which, at different times, produced great pleasure and pain. As I now passed by the files of labourers, each earnest in his occupation, I felt for them a genuine respect that led me incontinently to take off my hat, and even bow to several as I went along. This must have seemed ludicrous enough, for I perceived every man suspending his work and looking at me with astonishment. How sacred are the silliest customs!

It was not without some astonishment too, on my part, that I saw Mr. Samuel, the steward, appear before me the next morning with a very dismal countenance, to tell me of a whisper that was running amongst the workmen not much to my advantage. 'Tis really supposed, sir, said he, that you are a little injured here—pointing to his forehead.

Mad, Samuel!

No, no, sir, not absolutely mad; for, in that case, it would not be proper you should go about; only, as it were, shook or shattered a little at top.

Is it possible, Samuel?

Most veritable; and they go so far as to tell me you was seen yesterday

day running up to a man, and to rub the dust off his face with your handkerchief, whether he would or no; after which you made him sit down by you, crack jokes, tell a story, and such fancies; then, having amused yourself sufficiently, you fairly fuddled him with a quart bottle of Geneva, and sent him reeling away. To finish the whole: the report goes, that you were seen to come in a moody manner upon the *Green*, and, casting up your eyes in a strange staring way, took your *bat* off your head, and bowed about on both sides of you, sometimes to men, sometimes to horses, and sometimes to mortar, as if you were crazy.

Ridiculous,

Ridiculous, Samuel. Too ridiculous to be attended to.

I have, as steward, a duty to discharge, sir, which, perhaps, may convince you to the contrary. Pray read that paper, sir.

The HUMBLE PETITION of the MASON, CARPENTERS, BRICKLAYERS, CARVERS, and OTHERS, in Common Council assembled.

To SIR BENJAMIN BEAUCHAMP,
KNIGHT and BARONET.

SHOWETH,

THAT, your petitioners are honest men and good workmen, and would not take advantage of any gentleman's *infirmity*, willingly.

THAT, they are in great forwardness with a new town, called *Shenstone-Green*; the intent of building which, very much surprizes your petitioners, who never heard of *giving away a whole town before*.

THAT, your petitioners believe your Honour to be a worthy gentleman, and as free with your money as we are with lime and mortar; but that your petitioners have seen such things in your Honour, as *they cannot make out*.

THAT, your Honour hath pulled your *bat* off to your humble petitioners, who never had so much honour done them before, when at work.

THAT,

THAT, your Honour hath been seen to give half a crown to a boy who turned a barrow full of new bricks into a ditch, because you said, he, poor thing, must suffer for the misfortune more than the price of the bricks.

THAT, your Honour has been heard to talk very much and very loud to *yourself*, and choose, for this purpose, dark lanes, gloomy corners, and unfrequented places, such, indeed, as your petitioners would upon all occasions, save *one occasion*, assiduously avoid.

THAT, your petitioners have heard your Honour making strange noises, and holding long discourses in the night, and have been ear-witness,
many

many and fundry times, to the words
—My head is giddy—my heart is
in flames—my soul is on fire—O
SHENSTONE! SHENSTONE! SHENSTONE!
&c. &c. &c.

THAT, one of your petitioners,
being the other day on the opposite
side of the hedge, looked through
the twigs thereof, and saw your
Honour *weeping*; after which, your
Honour began to *smile*, and to as-
sure the trees you were a great deal
too happy.

THAT, your Honour diverted
yourself two hours with making one
of your humble petitioners dead
drunk with drinking drams.

THAT, putting together all these
circumstances, with some others which
give

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give them additional force, your petitioners humbly apprehend your Honour is subject to fits that may hurry you into schemes of which you may repent while they are carrying into execution. Your petitioners pray to know whether this is the case in regard to *Shenstone-Green*, because, if it were, they jointly agree to give up their jobb, and compromise for the cost of labour they have been already at.

THAT, if it is thus, your Honour had better stop in time; for, to confess the truth, we look on your Honour's taking off your *bat* as much as to say—"Pretty gentlemen, "you are picking my pocket here "finely." Your erecting a town,

to make a present of, we humbly conceive to be *out of the question*; being an affair that will not hold water. Your rewarding the boy for destroying the hundred of bricks, we imagine was ironically given, and by way of sneer, as much as to say—
 “The sooner, my lad, you do my
 “business, by completing my ruin,
 “the better.” Your getting into nooks and corners, talking to yourself, &c. we apprehend to be on account of your Honour’s unwillingness to send us off the premises; your laughing and crying in the same breath frightens us almost out of our wits; and your Honour’s pleasing to make one of us drunk, we consider in no other way than that you wished him to send the sledge of marble
 after

after the barrow of bricks.—We, your petitioners, therefore, alarmed by these desperate symptoms, do most humbly beseech, and intreat, that your Honour will explain yourself to us, and tell us what is to be done. Do this, and your petitioners shall for ever pray, &c. &c.

My hand trembled all the time I read this petition, but resolved to treat it as a jest, at least in the presence of Samuel, I affected to smile, and demanded who might be the penman of this pleasant thing. Little Phil. Flourish the carver, sir, said Samuel. He is a wit you know.

That

That being the case, Samuel, said I, pray take this half guinea to the wit, and tell him, from me, to put the petition into as handsome a frame as possible, and, do you hear, let the glazier give it the additional decoration of a glass.

Samuel took the paper and the half guinea, and walked off in such a manner as convinced me he was both chagrined and disappointed.

C H A P. XV.

INTRODUCES AN ODDITY.

IN about two hours after, an odd figure of a man, with a rusty wig, and full-trimmed clothes, about three parts worn, and one part torn, came scraping his foot, and bending his body into my apartment, and said he had the honour to be admitted into the best families in Wales.

And will you favour me with your wrist, good sir, said he?

Willingly—said I.

Ti—i—i—hi—we are all in a hurry—hard at work, hard at work,
 fir.

fir. You have the pulse of a running-horse after his course. Lack a-day! lack a-day!—how is your head?—Why the temples project, fir—put out your tongue—white as lime—milk, milk, milk, milk.

Pray, fir, who may I have the pleasure to converse with?

Edward Elixir, fir; apothecary, surgeon, midwife, and physician, occasional, at your service, &c. &c. &c.

And what is your opinion of my case, Mr. Edward Elixir, apothecary, surgeon, &c.? And pray who told you, that your abilities were requisite at my house, Mr. Edward Elixir, surgeon, apothecary, &c.?

Mr. Philip Flourish, the carver, fir, he came to me about an hour ago, as I was eradicating a tooth of Taff Toughjaw, my neighbour. Sir, said he, I come to you in behalf of our patron at the mansion-house. We have some reasons, which would be no secrets, were we to tell them to an apothecary.—You know Mr. Flourish, I suppose, fir—We have some reasons to think, he (our patron) is not quite in good health. He seems to us *mazed*. Upon this, he went away, and I gave my word and honour to make you well without delay. But do I not see the toe of a nasty consumption under your left eye. Take care consumption; little Edward is at hand.

Here

Here he closed the lids, and examined.

Ah—ah—have I got thee? Sir, *that* consumption will I lay as flat as my forceps before it gets an inch forwarder. Sir, there is not a disorder incident to man but is naturally and artificially afraid of Edward Elixir. It is a Welch proverb now-a-days, to say, in case of a dangerous distemper,

“Elixir Ned

“Shall strike thee dead.”

Pray, Mr. Elixir, said I, does the poet here mean the distemper or the patient which is to be knocked dead?

Well now, if I could not die of laughing at the divine conceit of

102 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
that—if I could not, may pestilence
get the better of me. How I do love
to laugh—curse it and consume it
how I do love to laugh. I wish, sir,
you had time to hear my history. I
tell my history to every patient.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! he! he! he!

They are *patients* in good truth,
Mr. Elixir.

I swear by my scissars you will
kill me, sir, if you go on in that
manner. Wit tickles me worse than
the point of a feather. Ha! ha! ha!
ha! ha! he! he!—Bright, bright,
bright, bright, bright.

“Immoderate laughing, says the
proverb, is catching.” I joined the
apothecary very heartily, without
being able to assign any other reason
than

than that of seeing a little comical man in happy convulsions.

When you recover, Mr. Elixir, said I, you will return to my consumption.

When I *recover*!—Jesus, Jesus, there's another blow at my poor lungs and sides. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! When I *recover*! Why, fir, your distemper seems to be a superabundant humour of wit. How I do love to laugh! But to return. Physically speaking, then, how do you find yourself?

Physically answering, I am morally sick of your foolery. Lookee, Mr. Elixir, my workmen, and that Flourish you speak of, have played me a prank I do not approve; and, if

you are made a party in it, I shall be very much displeased.

The Welchman's face changed in a moment, and he protested he was a man of no skill, if he knew any thing more of the matter than the carver had told him, and whose words he had already repeated.

Upon the credit of this, I let him into the whole story, making him, at the same time, acquainted with all my designs, views, and passions, in regard to *Shenstone-Green*.

I had no sooner finished my discourse, than this unaccountable man jumped six or seven inches from his chair, skipped about the room, as skippeth a goat over the mountains; and then, shaking my hand, till we
were

were both red in the face, he caught up his hat, without saying a syllable, and set off from the house on the full stretch, running over the hills like a rabbit.

If thou goest by the way of *Shenstone-Green*, said I to myself, and if, peradventure, any of the workmen see thee, then will they swear the doctor is ten times madder than the patient.

This prophecy was really fulfilled; for, in less than three quarters of an hour, a party of the builders, armed with the instruments of their trade, had caught up the miserable apothecary, and were escorting him to the mansion-house, that, *there*, measures might be taken to send him home to his family in peace.

I no

I no sooner appeared at the door, in order to enquire the cause of this singular confusion, than the disastrous surgeon began to skip, and bound and snap his fingers over his head, and sing forth his Welch ditties, with more vigour than ever; but what was, at that time, more ridiculous still, the workmen seemed to stand aloof, as if afraid to advance.

At length, Mr. Philip Flourish, the carver and the wit, marched forwards to the head of the troop, and in a violent voice, for he was occasional a comedian, harangued as follows:

Friends and fellow-workmen,

SUFFER me to tell in the best language I am able, wherefore we are assembled:

Noble

Noble Sir Benjamin Beauchamp !
you are our patron, and therein do
we bear unto you respect. Hear
me, therefore, for my cause; and do
you, carpenters and joiners, be silent
that I may be heard. Censure me
in your wisdom, sir, and awaken those
senses which we fear you have lost,
that you may the better judge. If
there be any in this assembly that is
the dear friend of Sir Benjamin
Beauchamp, to him I say that Phil.
Flourish's love to Sir Benjamin is
no less than his. If then that friend
demand why Brutus, I mean Philip
Flourish, rose against our Cæsar, that
is to say, Sir Benjamin Beauchamp,
this, in the name of all the work-
men, is my answer:—Not that we
loved Sir Benjamin less, but that we
love

108 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
love our honour more. As Sir Benjamin loves us, I weep for him; as he is throwing away his fortune, I am sorry for it; as he is a worthy gentleman, I honour him; but as he seems to be out of his own senses, and can put other folks (as this poor apothecary, for instance) out of their's, we are afraid to come near him. Thus, sir, there are fears for your loss of wits, honour for your goodness, and sorrow for your situation. Who's here so base that would not work for Sir Benjamin Beauchamp? Who's here so rude that would pick his pocket? Who's here so vile that does not pity this poor apothecary? I pause for a reply.

Mr. Philip Flourish having finished his harangue, in the tragic style, I
learned

learned from a less rhetorical quarter, *i. e.* from the lips of Mr. Samuel Sarcasm, that the present noise had been occasioned by the conduct of Mr. Edward Elixir, who, on his departure from the mansion-house, ran upon the *Green* and jumped about, saying such extravagant things about my generosity, my wit, and my fine sense, accompanying all these assertions with such jestures as very fairly gave reason for the workmen to imagine there was something *contageous* in my disorder, the worst part of which had been, as they presumed, caught by the apothecary.

To crush all these fooleries and false suggestions by one decisive stroke, I took up the whole affair
on

110 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
ON very serious ground, and insisted
on being attended to.

I represented this to the gentlemen as very ill behaviour. With regard to their petition, I observed, that I was willing to see it in the most favourable light; but, whatever I had done, or might do, depended on my own pleasure, for which I chose to pay in proportion. That *their* part of the business was, peaceably to pursue each man his particular avocation till the work was finished. That it was *impertinent* to enquire for what particular use I raised up to myself a town. It was for them to do *so much work*, agreeable to my directions, for *so much money*; and that, if I chose

to build a palace for a parcel of
 horses, and put my friends in a pig-
 sty, it was wholly my affair, and
 not theirs. The apothecary, Mr.
 Elixir, had been, I observed, sent
 by Mr. Flourish on a foolish errand;
 namely, to cure a man who was in
 perfect health; and that, as to his
 jumping about for joy, in talking
 of me, it might be partly from the
 vivacity of his constitution, and
 partly from the goodness of his
 heart, at hearing there was a man
 who had the *courage* to proceed in
 erecting a town to serve the Unfor-
 tunate, when it was found to be so
 very contrary to the fordid maxims
 of the world, that even the work-
 men were up in arms.

This

This being a full explanation; I added, that I expected matters would go on regularly for the future, and that they would so far enlarge their hearts, as to pursue their duty with a diligent chearfulness; and that, while they *were* pursuing it, they should not think the worse of their patron's understanding for acting by them more generously than some of their former employers.

The passions of a mob are never fixed. These silly people now ran into the other extreme, and were, by the foregoing speech, so fully satisfied, that I was unanimously extolled as a paragon of sense and solid learning; as charitable beyond the reach of instances, and as the
best

best master that ever was worked for.

Hereupon they released the apothecary, of whom they demanded many pardons; and then after giving me three cheers, they went hastily away, convinced I was in full possession of my senses, and that they would now go to work for me like so many devils.

C H A P. XVI.

THE PROJECT BECOMES POPULAR.

THUS was every thing accommodated, and *Shenstone-Green* went on more briskly than ever. In truth, every man appeared to do his utmost, and the progress of this united effort, became in a short time so apparent, that my village assumed a regularity and splendour which attracted the curiosity of the adjacent counties. Sir Benjamin's *new town* was a popular subject, and the echo of his good intentions reverberated from shire to shire.

Amongst others who had particularly contributed to this popularity,
 was

was the little Welch doctor, mentioned in the last chapter. This man was so struck with the novelty of the project, that he took care to blazon it forth through all the families into which his loquacity or his skill could gain him access; and a talkative creature of his character and profession, in a dull part of the world too, where a little run-about thing skips from mountain to mountain to pick up news, is always welcome in one sense or another. By such means, therefore, I was at once celebrated and delighted, for I will not attempt to conceal the satisfaction I received from this innocent flattery, and it so endeared to me, Mr. Elixir, (whom I looked upon as in a great measure the source of it) that I cultivated his

acquaintance, and had him with me at the mansion-house almost every evening.

Now then it was that I began to think my scheme in sufficient forwardness to give the finer and more affectionate finishes. The houses being nearly completed, I imagined it time to think about getting them occupied; and in the mean time I gave directions for such embellishments in point of gardening as might leave nothing undone that could add elegance to convenience. At an incredible charge I enriched a land, naturally unfruitful, till it was flowing with fragrance and breathing perfume. Roses, jessamines, pinks, honeysuckles, and lillies, embroidered every part,

part, and, in the space of six months after the rubbish was removed, it would have been difficult to find in any part of Europe a spot more agreeably cultivated, or more adorned with beauties artificial and natural than *Shenstone-Green*.

This then was the period to bring down first my daughter, and then such of my friends as I thought would be most happy in such an asylum. *Paradise* is here regained, said I.

Matilda, in consequence of these resolutions, was with me in a few days, and the emotions of her surprise, on her first sight of *Shenstone-Green*, does so much honour to human nature, of which she is an or-

nament, and of her father, who doats upon her, that it would rob the reader of entertainment, not to give them in her own language, just as they were conveyed in a letter to a lady, who afterwards became, and indeed is to this hour, a pensioner.

To Miss ELIZA ELLIOT.

“WELL, dear Eliza, the last
 “polishes are now giving to *The*
 “*Green*. I am just come from a
 “first view, and from walking round
 “the enchanting circuit. The soul
 “of *Shenstone* and of Sir *Benjamin*,
 “shines through every part. I was
 “in this very spot about two sum-
 “mers ago, and remember it was
 “impassible by means of weeds and
 “nettles.

" nettles. It is now burnished with
 " buildings, and blooming with
 " flowers. The great beauty of the
 " place, *simply* considered, is suffi-
 " cient to gratify the most delicate
 " taste; but, when one adds thereto
 " the generous purposes for which
 " that beauty has been preparing,
 " and considers it is designed to be a
 " paradise for distressed virtue in
 " every form; for merit superciliously
 " overlooked; and for genius which is
 " spurned by ignorance; its value
 " rises so on the imagination, that
 " one is perfectly dazzled. I am sure
 " I am so to the greatest degree. The
 " idea is so delicious, so peculiar,
 " so uncommon. There is nothing
 " now wanting but the furniture. I
 " do not mean chairs, glasses, tables,

“ for those will be here in a few
“ days, and are already ordered; but
“ that *nobler* furniture of honest minds
“ and generous hearts, made respect-
“ able by calamity, and sacred
“ from their misfortunes. Amongst
“ these, my dear Elliot is invited as
“ a valuable guest. She is invited
“ to enjoy the independence and fe-
“ renity which she hath a right to
“ claim, and which has so long been
“ her due. I have already, my
“ dear, selected for you a house:
“ it is embosomed by lillies and roses
“ that almost emulate your own com-
“ plexion. It is in that quarter
“ which lies nearest to the wood, and
“ will, therefore, be less liable to the
“ cold air, and make it more agree-
“ able

“able for walking. Here my Elliot
 “shall forget to sigh; or, if that
 “cannot be, her sighs shall be bu-
 “ried in the bosom of a friend. Do
 “not fear that any wrong curiosity
 “shall be set to work to extort
 “from you that profound secret
 “which you so firmly resolve to con-
 “ceal. It will not be a maxim at
 “*Shenstone-Green* to oblige with one
 “hand and violate with the other.
 “It is to be a sanctuary where inno-
 “cence neglected, and worth abused,
 “is to find absolute *independence*.
 “Come then, my dear, come in the
 “full security of being as private as
 “you can wish. To share your
 “anxiety it is only necessary to see
 “it. To explore the cause too
 “critically, where it is purposely
 “veiled

122 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

“veiled from the view, would be
“ungenerous. Fear nothing, there-
“fore, but hasten to Sir Benjamin
“and to

“Your most affectionate friend,

“MATILDA BEAUCHAMP.”

Shenstone-Green.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

PETITION THE SECOND.

ON the evening in which this letter was written, and sent by a servant to the post-town, the steward came once more into my room, with his sarcaſtical face, (juſt as Matilda and I were in high chit-chat upon the charms of our project) and begged an audience.

Speak, Samuel, ſaid I, gayly. What! another petition, I ſuppoſe.

Sir, replied Samuel, my office obliges me to lay before you ſuch things as come to hand upon the ſubject of *Shenſtone-Green*. At preſent I bear a petition,

a petition, it must be confessed; but it moves upon so different a principle, and is, indeed, in so different a style (being altogether a panegyric on your Honour's project), that I conceive it will have a different reception from the last.

Mr. Samuel, said I, if it is in praise of a project, which, I think, cannot well be blamed, I desire to hear it; and, as I know you are not more of an *oracle* than an *orator*, pray sit down and bestow on it all the graces of your delivery.

Grey locks are no securities against the force of flattery, which we swallow upon almost any terms; even when the preparation is but bunglingly made up. Thus, though this
com-

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 125

compliment was equivocal, and equally admitted an interpretation of praise and censure, Mr. Samuel Sarcasm, old and arch, and white headed as he was, took it in the most soothing sense, and was put into perfect good humour.

Now for it, cried Matilda.

Samuel unfolded a paper, which, as usual, he had plaited very methodically, and, sitting down in front, exerted himself in giving all possible emphasis to what follows:

“The Second Humble Petition
of the Carpenters, Masons, Brick-
layers, Carvers, Gilders, Glaziers,
Scourers, Painters, Gardeners, White-
smiths, Blacksmiths and Brown-
smith,

smiths, in Common Council assembled.——Supercribed to ——.”

A very large and respectable body, Mr. Samuel, said I (a little interrupting him,)

What can they possibly have to say, cried Matilda.

“ Supercribed (said Samuel, reading on) to the most worthy, worshipful, sensible, sober, happy, hospitable, generous and gentlemanly, Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, Knight, Baronet, and so forth, greeting.”

This, indeed, (said I pretending to be pleased) is in a strain of lofty eulogium that merits hearing, and a bottle of good port to whet the

whistle of the orator into the bargain.

And I will fetch it, said Matilda, getting up at the same time, and taking a bottle and glasses from a corner sideboard.

Samuel proceeded :

“ HUMBLY SHOWETH,

“ THAT, your petitioners ask ten thousand pardons for ever having supposed you were hurt in your senses ; but assure your Honour, they judged only from the difficulty they had to believe any man, in his right reason, could be a friend to those whom almost all the world agree to despise; and whom they, therefore, thought
could

could not be countenanced without shame and disgrace.

“THAT, your petitioners are now so thoroughly convinced of your Honour’s sound intellect, that they wish God Almighty had rather given them the power to *imitate* your example, than to censure it.

“THAT, perceiving the town of *Shenstone-Green* now just upon finishing, is, to all intents and purposes, erected for all who are poor or dispirited, without regard to birth or connexions; they humbly address your Honour to take into consideration, the case of them and their families.

“THAT, your petitioners are most of them, it is true, in possession of
 2 their

their limbs; but that they are obliged, for the most part, to get their bread by the sweat of their brows, and have all the good will in the world to live the rest of their days like gentlemen, upon a pension of two hundred pounds a-year *per annum*.

“ THAT, your petitioners would like much to live in the houses they have built and beautified; and that, as they believe your Honour, now you have done with mortar, may want *men*, they do humbly propose, in order to save a great deal of trouble, as well as to give an opportunity of another good action, that they and their wives and children may take possession of the place, commonly called *Shenstone-Green*, situate, lying, and being upon a heath in the country

130 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
of Wales, in that part of it, commonly called Glamorganshire.

“ We, the under-signed, being those who have most hand in this petition, do most humbly pray for an answer. God save the proprietor of

“ *Shenstone-Green!*”

Signed by,

John Sawe. Carpenter, with six children, aged 36.

Thomas Tyler. Bricklayer. No children, but troubled with a large wen on the left cheek.

Mat. Mace. Bricklayer's assistant. Subject to corns.

Christ. Climb. Ditto. Who fell from a ladder in the year 1717, and very much hurt the hinder part of his head.

Phil.

Phil. Flourish. Carver, comedian, painter, and penny-post-man; but who complains that he is starving, notwithstanding the multitude of his busineffes.

Dick Daub. Gilder; says all is not gold that glisters.

Abr. Armstrong. Ditto; falls asleep with the brush and gold-leaf in his hand.

Samuel Smeer. Painter; has a strong amorous woman for his wife—is himself of a delicate constitution—and finds the smell of paint very injurious.

Oliver Trundle. The wheel-barrow boy, who over-set the hundred bricks—says he does not see clear.

Joshua Tingle. Says he has pretty ideas, and wants opportunity to make ballads.

George Femmy. A joiner—hates glue, and can play some of the best tunes on the flute.

Edward Exact. A planer—but squints and planes crooked—his squint gains on him every day, and he is in danger of losing his bread. Prays therefore for the pension. As do many more, who await the effect of your Honour's bounty.

It was not without a mixture of anger, pleasure, and indignation, that I could suffer Samuel to go through this curious catalogue. Matilda fairly gave way to her youth, and laughed

laughed so heartily, that even the rigid muscles of the steward were more than once put to trial.

But as the petition was in itself serious, I was about to signify my answer to Mr. Sarcaſm, who drank his glaſs of wine, and waited for it with inexpressible gravity; when, in came the apothecary with a letter, which he told me had just come to his hand.

It was addressed To Mr. Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, who built *Shenstone-Green*; and it contained these words :

Mr. Sir BENJAMIN; or, Mr. Sir
BEAUCHAMP.

“ I AM no scribe, as you see; but
“ I am a man that scorns a mean
“ action, as much as he who can
K 3 “ write

“ write a better hand. I understand
“ as how to night my fellow-work-
“ men are come to a resolution to
“ fend you a petition for to get *Shen-*
“ *stone-Green* into their own hands.
“ This I take to be wrong—so I sit
“ down to tell you they are all (ex-
“ cept John Sawe) able to get their
“ bread without begging it; and, as
“ I am fure you may hit upon folks
“ more *misfortunate* than they, who
“ are hale hearty men, I hopes your
“ Honour won’t go for to disgrace
“ yourself by harbouring such lazy
“ drones, who may keep out the
“ honest bees that would work to
“ make honey, if they could. I beg
“ pardon for this trouble I give you;
“ but I do it, because I would not
“ see a gentleman’s kindness abused,
“ and

“ and because I know if your Ho-
 “ nour was to give an inch they
 “ would take an ell. They are not
 “ worth much *now* ; and if they were
 “ to have good houses, and jump into
 “ good fortunes, they would be fit
 “ for nothing. No, no, choose for
 “ yourself. There is woe enough
 “ lying about here and there, that
 “ may make your heart ach ; and,
 “ in my notion, those who make the
 “ least noise, and who are almost
 “ ashamed to show their misery, are
 “ the men and women for your
 “ money. I know they should be for
 “ mine ; and so no more at this pre-
 “ sent writing, from your Honour’s
 “ loving and grateful friend and

“ Humble servant,

“ HENRY HEWIT—that’s my name.”

P O S T-

“POSTSCRIPT.

“LEST your Honour should not
“know me by my name, I am the
“man whose face your Honour wiped
“when I was fledging the marble,
“and about whom so many lies were
“told. They were jealous about
“wiping the face of such a poor
“fellow—that’s all.

“HENRY HEWIT.”

Upon my reading this epistle, the effects of its sentiment operated variously upon the various auditors.

Matilda, begged leave to withdraw. She had, it seems, a sudden pain of the head.

Samuel coughed, and said, he wished he had not changed his new half

half a crown; because when a man chose to make a present, it was his opinion, that half a crown was infinitely superior, in point of grace, which I can assure you he much studied—two shillings and sixpence! it looked, he said, like flitting the favour into three parts. The half crown had, he thought, more dignity.

I felt a something, for my part, flutter about my heart, as much as to say, mark down that man for *Sbenstone-Green*.

But, Mr. Edward Elixir—how shall I describe properly the feelings of thee, Mr. Edward Elixir? If, reader, you recollect how heartily this man laughed in the fifteenth chapter, you will have some notion of the hearty manner

manner in which he wept on the present occasion. His sorrow was as violent as his joy; and as he skipped about in many antick postures, (for no chair could keep him sitting while he was under the influence of his feelings) he called goats and gods to witness that, if that man's cottage should be visited by all the plagues of Egypt, he would drive them all out *gratis*. Yes, said he, I am a glass bottle if I would not bleed, bolus, and blister a dog which belonged to that fellow for nothing; yea, though I lost half my paying-customers in the mean time. Jesus, how I do love to cry! how I do love to cry!

If reader, this apothecary is not now as dear to thee as he then was,
and

and still is, to me, then would I advise thee to lay down this volume, and take up any other that goeth less into the tender parts of the human character.

Please to intrust me with that same Henry Hewit's letter, sir, (said Samuel, the steward) and it shall be read to the workmen as your reply for dismissing them and their petition.

Do so, Samuel, I replied, and bring Henry Hewit before me. The steward set off faster than I ever saw him move before.

C H A P. XVIII.

MR. ELIXIR, THE APOTHECARY, RELATES THE HEADS OF HIS STORY.

FEW evenings of any life were passed more agreeably than that which succeeded the receipt of Henry Hewit's well intended letter. The apothecary staid the whole night, and enlivened the conversation by such fallies as those who do not well know the immense variety there is in human character, can form no idea. Sir, said he, I will not say you shall make a *Sbenstonian* of me; because, though I do very well to hop over the hills, I am afraid I should make a silly figure with a good house and two hundred a-year; unless, indeed, you would

would give me the business of the *Green* in the way of my profession; in which case, Death should not often show his ugly face, I warrant him; but, however, as we have half an hour to spare, I will let you a little into the light of my present situation.

This was extremely acceptable to us, and Mr. Elixir began :

I had never a regular education, sir, and my parents went to heaven before I commenced the practice of physic; otherwise, they might, perhaps, have been living upon earth still—but they lost that blessing for want of my not being born sooner. I was at first a corn-cutter, and from thence I got the secret for curing swelled ancles. White-swellings in the knee were the things which

next

next celebrated me—for away flew the tumours at the touch of my emollient. My next advance was to relieve ladies in certain circumstances, and some of the finest persons in Wales are of my bringing forth. After this, I formed and invented a medicine which removed all pains of the stomach, back, and loins; which nostrum was, I soon perceived, equally good for soreness in the breast. In the next step, I invented a lenient to take wax and corns from the neck. Then I sent away coughs. Then I conquered the tooth-ach; and, lastly, I found out the invaluable art of making the hair grow. Thus, fir, in regular process and progress, I mounted, by the mere force of application and strong natural abilities, from the heel to the head; and now,
thank

thank God, I am at the head of my profession—for I as often prescribe as make up; not, between ourselves, that I think my genius for physic hath half so good an effect upon my patients as my humour and my good nature; for I am one of those, but I must not tell to the world, you know—I am one of those, who think half the maladies of mankind arise from melancholy, and that nature is, in generous tempers, generally to be laughed out of her megrims. Thus I make it a rule to give innocent things—that is to say, I deal altogether in *simples*, and made the patient forget his pain as much as possible. But there is one part of my character which has always stood in my way—Whenever I see people in real misery,

I have not been able to keep my countenance, but fall incontinently to weeping, just as I did at Hewit's letter; in which distress I have so much satisfaction, that, though it makes me as lean and meagre as one of my skeletons, I am more contented than a prince. On the other hand, I have very often an opportunity to bring up my flesh again by contrary emotions; for if, either by stratagem or by nature, I can once set my patients to laughing, their cure is certain, and they have no more to fear. At any rate, I am a very inoffensive little fellow, and pick up a goodish income for me and my wife, whom, as I hope to be saved, sir, I married because she has my faculty of laughing, and will sit opposite to
me

me in her arm chair (which, God bless her, she fills bursting full) and titters at nothing by the hour together. Oh! she's a sensible woman, fir; and though she is so lusty, I am fain to trundle her about the parlour for exercise; she does make such fine remarks on medicine and on human nature, and on the growth of the human hair, that, if I were a penman, I would put her down for publication. What a capital volume in *folio* would my wife be! Even in *sheets* she cuts a very respectable figure, I presume Mr. Elixir, said I.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! replied the apothecary.

Mr. Elixir was now again fet in for the above ha! ha! ha! diversion,

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and

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and tossed himself from chair to chair,
panting and fuming with his convul-
sion, for near twenty minutes. Oh!
various Nature; how dost thou sport
with us thy little creatures!

After this, Elixir spoke.

We live, I say fir, comfortably;
but I am not absolutely in the richest
part, you know, of the habitable
globe, and my customers who pay,
are in no proportion to those who
do not pay. The truth is, I will
cure a man at any time if he will
but either laugh or cry with me;
and, as I have taken notice those are
the two matters most in practice in
this world, I think I stand a good
chance to be supplied. Yet I must
tell you, that though I choose always

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to laugh in *company*, I had always a thousand times rather cry *alone*.

Odds so, odds so, that's true (said he, recollecting himself) I have a poor thing that I must see to-night, and she lives full a mile from hence. She must not be weeping in her bed, while I am telling you a history that is not worth six-pence. Besides, she is poor.

Upon this our matter of physick sprung up, and hurried out, in the middle of as dark and rainy night, as, in *Summer*, could possibly be.

God be with thee poor fellow, said I, go where thou wilt! May Providence keep every storm from thy heart!

That he will, papa, replied Matilda, you may depend upon it. Here my daughter took out her pocket-book and pencil. What are you writing Matilda, said I? Only the names of persons whom I recommend to you as proper, sir, for *The Green*.

Let me see, my dear?

Mr. Edward Elixir and wife—Two hundred pounds *per annum*.

Mr. Henry Hewit and family—Two hundred pounds *per annum*.

John Sawe to be protected.

Agreed Matilda, said I.

Thus ended our evening.

C H A P. XIX.

MR. SAMUEL SARCASM, THE STEWARD,
SETS OUT ON A REMARKABLE JOURNEY.

I^d WAITED now only for the approach of the next Spring (which was advancing) to people my new village. The workmen were all paid off and discharged, except John Sawe, the worthy exception made by Henry Hewit, and some few others, who were retained as traders in the service of *The Green*. But the most delicate and embarrassing part of the business yet remained; this was, to announce my intentions to the necessitous and unhappy, in such a *manner*, as might offer protection unaccompanied by insult. Here was a

L 3 nice

nice point. I was effectually puzzled. The steward advised, that I should distribute a printed hand-bill, in the way of, "Walk in, gentlemen, walk in, to *give way*—*The Green*." At another time, he recommended me to place over the doors some large signs, either of wood or metal, with the following inscription for the use of travellers: "Entertainment and an annuity, for man and horse, here, GRATIS." But these sarcasms, you may be sure, I avoided. They were amongst the waggeries woven into that honest man's constitution; and so, in consideration of his other good qualities, I forgave him. Matilda was of opinion, that being for public utility, the advertisement could not be too general; and, therefore, advised

advised the mode of the *News-papers*. But this did not seem to me sufficiently *delicate*. After much deliberation, I resolved upon the following method, out of many others which seemed to be less plausible, viz. That Samuel should be sent with circular letters from me to all my friends, in capital situations, to recommend such of their humble or unhappy acquaintance, as might, upon their experience, deserve a protection in *Sbenstone-Green*; and also, that the like project should be seconded by Matilda in the letters which *she* should send over town and country at the same time.

One fair morning therefore, preparations having been made, Mr.

Samuel Sarcasm clapped the saddle-bags across his favourite pad, and was as well laden with letters as any mail whatsoever. But, he had not been absent three days before we received from him the following epistle :

To Sir B. BEAUCHAMP.

SIR,

“ LOOKING upon it that I am
 “ charged with such a commission as
 “ no steward had ever before in trust,
 “ I am willing it should be so done
 “ as to hand down my name to posterity in a way to do it honour.
 “ Being now, as I take it, on the
 “ road of immortality, it behoveth
 “ me not to stumble. It is to this
 “ end that I am baiting my horse at
 “ a hedge

" a hedge ale-house, in my way to
 " London, where most of your letters
 " are directed. The horse, I say, sir,
 " eateth while I write to know the
 " *full extent of my commission.* I for-
 " got to ask certain particulars before
 " I set out; so pray tell me if I am
 " to go to London *right on*; or,
 " whether I may make such excur-
 " sions as seem to promise me, in
 " the vagabond way, any success?
 " Am I to take notice of any ragged
 " tatterdemallions that I may meet,
 " overtake, or follow upon the road—
 " such as beggars, gypsies, &c.—or
 " am I to let them alone? I have al-
 " ready passed several very ill-looking
 " fellows, and as many dirty huffeys,
 " who, I verily believe, would not
 " refuse to become our pensioners.
 " There

“ There was particularly a man with
 “ a flock head of hair, and two
 “ wooden legs, who accosted me yes-
 “ terday, in God’s name, to give him
 “ a shilling. By the splendour of his
 “ demand, (being eleven times more
 “ than ordinary beggars have the im-
 “ pudence to ask) I am persuaded he
 “ would like to lay his stumps upon
 “ *The Green*. If I had given him any
 “ encouragement, he would certainly
 “ have undertaken to hop to you in
 “ about forty eight hours; nay, he
 “ worked away upon his timber ten
 “ or a dozen paces to show me how
 “ he could move; but I have let him
 “ slip through my fingers. If you
 “ think he is a prize, sir, I will con-
 “ trive to pick him up and pack him
 “ in a cart; or, if your Honour
 “ chooses.

“chooses, in a coach, as I come
 “back. Even in this pot-house,
 “(where I am using the vilest pen
 “and most polluted paper upon the
 “most virtuous subject) there are
 “half a score as pretty, that is to
 “say, as ugly, objects for the pen-
 “sion as you could wish. I do not
 “believe there are twelve ounces of
 “wholesome human flesh amongst the
 “ten; and, to all appearance, not
 “above a shirt and an half, were one
 “to tack all their slips of linen toge-
 “ther. If these would not be glad
 “of your Honour’s patronage, I do
 “not know who would. From what
 “has been said then, sir, you will
 “perceive that I could get a number
 “of recruits (and almost all such as
 “are too frightful for any hospital
 “but

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“but your Honour’s) as I go along.

“Fail not then to let me know the

“bounds of my authority, and I re-

“main, in the mean time,

“Your Honour’s

“Most faithful servant and steward,

“SAMUEL SARCASM.”

In answer to this characteristic epistle, I only desired Mr. Samuel to do as he was directed, and send me, for the future, more business than wit. After this, he proceeded in his journey. Two months passed before I heard any further tidings; but at the end of that period, I received Mr. Samuel’s second epistle, which you will find in the next chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. XX.

THE STEWARD STOPS ON THE ROAD
TO WRITE A LETTER TO THE
PROPRIETOR.

To Sir BENJAMIN BEAUCHAMP.

SIR,

“ **T**HINKING you have already
“ been at some small expence in
“ the building of *Shenstone-Green*, I
“ have been sparing of making your
“ Honour pay postage. I forbore to
“ write till writing was necessary. It
“ seems to be particularly so at
“ present.

“ I shall set out by observing that
“ I have delivered all your letters to
“ your GREAT friends, most of whom
“ are

“are so charmed with your Honour’s
 “scheme, that, instead of recom-
 “mending *others*, they would, with
 “very little persuasion, accept of
 “your offer *themselves*. In short,
 “sir, I have in the course of this
 “original journey seen more of the
 “world than I ever saw in all the
 “former parts of my life. Yet I
 “knew men before. Why London
 “is a sort of *Shenstone-Green*—I mean,
 “sir, the court quarter—and the
 “King of England is only another
 “Sir Benjamin Beauchamp. His
 “Majesty, like your Honour, pro-
 “videth his fine folks with a house
 “and an annuity for—*doing nothing*;
 “and they are so tired with the
 “fatigue of that employment, that I
 “see plainly they would turn them-

“ selves out of one place to catch at
 “ another, were it only for the exer-
 “ cise of changing a posture. I am
 “ in a desperate quandary how to act;
 “ for, as I said before, two hundred
 “ pounds a-year, and a good house,
 “ is an object with almost every man
 “ and woman to whom your Honour
 “ and Miss Matilda sent letters. On
 “ one score or another, they find rea-
 “ sons to baffle all my endeavours to
 “ recommend, by their means, the
 “ unfortunate, and intreat my interest
 “ on their *own accounts*. Had I been
 “ a man who liked dirty money as
 “ well as clean money, sir, I could
 “ have made this tour turn out very
 “ decently, for several brilliant bribes
 “ have been held up between mine
 “ honesty and my avarice. It is two
 “ months

“months since from day to day I
“have been put off by these your
“*great* friends, fir, on the solemn
“promise of receiving a catalogue of
“proper objects when I next called;
“but I am as far off as ever, except
“that I have picked up a couple of
“gentlemen, whom I think may do,
“and whom I shall send down by
“the stage to *Shenstone-Green*. You
“have been sorely mistaken, fir, in
“your notion of the riches and situa-
“tions of those you wrote to; and I
“do not think you will be the better
“esteemed for having thus, as it
“were, thrown out a lure, to get *at*
“*the bottom of their circumstances*. It
“was a golden mistake while you
“were in ignorance, fir, but having
“once caught this secret, and, to say
“the

“ the truth, *trepanned* them out of
 “ it, ’twill be a moot point whether
 “ you keep their good will or lose it.
 “ Ah! fir, London connexions were
 “ not, I doubt, the proper ones to
 “ point out that kind of modest
 “ merit and obscure virtue which
 “ you want for *Skenstone-Green*. I
 “ found all but one man (and of him
 “ I may speak hereafter) in that sort
 “ of dazzling hurry which prevented
 “ either his seeing or hearing. One
 “ of your friends, fir, at the time of
 “ my waiting upon him was bargain-
 “ ing for a trinket, which the vender
 “ valued at fifty guineas, and which
 “ the buyer designed, as he said, for
 “ a present to his mistress; while, at
 “ the other end of the room, stood a
 “ poor fellow nipping his hat, and
 VOL. I. M “ soliciting

“ soliciting five guineas to pay his
 “ lodgings. How doth your Honour
 “ think this matter ended? Why the
 “ gentleman paid down the fifty gui-
 “ neas for the toy, and told the pe-
 “ titioner that he was out of cash just
 “ then, but might call next week, or
 “ the week after. Underneath, sir,
 “ are the several names of your *great*
 “ *London friends*, who are willing to
 “ accept of your Honour’s protection,
 “ your house, land, and money, to
 “ almost *any amount*.

“ They insist on my sending down
 “ the list before I proceed; and as
 “ you will best judge yourself, sir,
 “ how far they are, or are not, ob-
 “ jects, I shall not intrude any re-
 “ marks; but beg your Honour’s
 “ reply,

“reply, as London is too *young* a
“place for the very old

“SAMUEL SARCASM.”

N. B. “The list is of my *own*
“making out; for, though most of
“the parties are near and intimate
“friends, living in great splendour,
“they all charged me to conceal
“their application from all eyes but
“those of Sir Benjamin Beauchamp;
“so that you see how the gay im-
“potion passes here, sir, and that most
“of your great friends are in the
“road to ruin, because each man is
“ashamed to confess that he is jealous
“of his neighbour’s finery and folly.
“Thus, sir, though you receive the
“application of *many*, every indivi-
“dual hugs himself on the secrecy

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“ with which his business is carrying
“ on by the medium of
“ S. S.”

*A LIST of the NOBILITY and GENTRY
who are the GREAT FRIENDS of
Sir BENJAMIN BEAUCHAMP, and
CANDIDATES for the SHENSTONE
PENSION.*

L O R D S. .

Lord Lacewell. Hath thirteen livery
servants, six carriages, and two
blacks; but would live with
his beloved Beauchamp in a
family way.

N. B. This nobleman's house
and furniture advertised in the
papers for auction, Feb. 9. I
read it at breakfast.

Lord

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Lord Luckless. A very fine man, with a very fine house. Also two persons *out* of livery, sitting in the hall, *fronting the door*, to see that nothing is removed off the premises, without their—permission.

Lord George Gildcover. Hath the largest library of —— *wooden* books I ever saw. Remarkable for having the best *imitations* of leather bindings in England.

Lord S. Scourgreen. Says, he will sell his studd (which I find as been empty these six weeks) to live at *Sbenstone-Green* with his dear Benjamin.

COMMONS.

George Gravely, Esq. Read your Honour's letter in bed, where he

lies smarting under an agony of *the groin*—curfes town, and wifhes for a *retreat* in the country. This is the gentleman your Honour thought fo remarkably *prudent*.

N. B. Drank with his footman, who told me, in a whifper, that his mafter owes his prefent illnefs to a jade who was turned away yefterday morning for—*mifdemeanours*,

Mr. Benfon. This merchant, would very much like two hundred pounds a-year. He tells me (in confidence), that there is no more good to be done in the Alley, and that a fnug birth in *Sbenftone-FOLLY* (I give your Honour his own words)
would

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would be better than battling it
upon Change at present.

D. Thurlby.

R. Brown.

S. Chapman.

B. Smith.

J. Beckford.

R. Oglevie.

D. Davenant, and

H. Templar, Esquires. Have all been
so long on the town, that they
would like to kick up a dust
in the country.

I could not help feeling great surprise and indignation as I read this list; for, such is the face that *every one* of those persons put upon their circumstances and their conduct, that they had for many years passed upon

me (who was their old country correspondent) as men of the first fortune and fashion. On comparing the present catalogue with that given in by the *workmen*, I could not but imagine, that the bricklayer, who fell from a ladder in the year 1717, the man who was much subject to corns, and the boy who overset his barrow in the ditch (because he was thick-sighted) had infinitely more fair pretension to the pensions of *Shenstone-Green*, than any of these honourable gentlemen, of whose ways and means of existing and wasting, I had been so very long ignorant. I congratulated myself, however, that, by this enquiry, I had obtained a knowledge of real character, and immediately gave orders that the steward should return into Wales.

C H A P. XXI.

SHENSTONE-GREEN IS NOT PEOPLED
WITHOUT A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE.

BY this time it appeared perfectly plain, that I must depend only on the care and diligence of a few other friends, who, on trial, were not living in a state of gay deception; and that, where such care and diligence failed, I must trust to the effects of a public advertisement. I do assure you, reader, it is more troublesome to get a town reputably populated, than to build it. This was so sacred a truth, in my case, that the middle of the Summer shone off before I could

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could say *Shenstone-Green* was properly inhabited. Whether, indeed, it was *ever* properly inhabited, may admit of a doubt. However, I shall not trouble the reader with any further delays on this point; but, cutting the disagreeable interval of barren application short (which is an honest author's duty), will carry him at once to the time, when, after many difficulties, my houses were mostly occupied, and my prospect of pleasure brought, apparently, to a crisis.

You are now, therefore, to suppose, that a sufficient number of persons, well chosen and cautiously recommended, are assembled upon the *Green*; part of whom enjoy the irrevocable life-pension, and part are
set

set up in trade for the general good. All my views are nearly completed, as far as regards external preparation. The summer is before me. Many families, who were pining in want, are in the bosom of indulgence. THE GREEN is in full flower. There are walks for pleasure, bowers of ease, and a church for devotion.

Though this chapter is very short, I shall end it directly ; on purpose to give you leisure to wish me joy of a great piece of work well terminated.

C H A P. XXII.

THE STEWARD SHEWS HIMSELF TO
BE A MAN OF SENSE.

IF you have not sufficiently revelled in the airy luxury which you, doubtless, suppose me to partake, it would be almost a pity to disturb you with the truth. Yet, as it is the design of this narrative, not only to divert, but to *warn*, I must descend from visionary pleasure to mere matter of fact.

At this place, therefore, properly begins The Narrative of the good *People of Shenstone-Green*—A History of Human Nature; or, The New Paradise Lost.

The

The satisfaction with which I saw so many happy human faces about me (for happiness really resided with us almost a whole month), is indescribable. Many of the pensioners I had long known, others were such as came sanctified by the warmest encomiums from such as I could thoroughly credit; for, luckily, ALL my friends did not correspond with the characters in Mr. Samuel's catalogue. The trading part of our society settled apart from the circus in a comfortable way, but with due regard to subordination. The regulations of *The Green* were few; and those extremely delicate. All the parade of ringing the community to dinner, or to prayers, was inconsistent with my idea of *independence*.

dence. I had established a commonwealth, in which every man was to please and enjoy himself *in his own way*; nor was there any other restriction, except that the tradesmen were not to mix in the walks or amusements of the pensioners within the circus, unless particularly invited. For my own part, I considered myself very impartially as the frank friend and familiar companion of every individual, and, lest any sort of jealousy should arise, I endeavoured, as much as might be, to distribute my attention in equal proportions. The greatest anxiety which I experienced, arose from a certain fear of seeming, in the eyes of some, to be a man who enjoyed his pre-eminence. To avoid which, I cast off the dignity of the
2 person

person of fortune even more than usual, and brought myself upon a level with the lowest.

To such a community, who would not give at least a twelvemonth's unanimity? Had you seen, reader, the joy with which every pensioner spoke of his situation, while the charm of novelty gilded it; with how animated an eye every man surveyed his little portion of property, and with how enraptured a step he walked along his own garden, you would have imagined there was little reason to expect an alteration.

I was *myself* so entrapped by appearances, and so much in the heaven I had expected, that, meeting the steward one evening after I had been walking,

walking, like a common parent, from door to door, as was my custom, well Samuel, said I, what do you think of my project *now*? Confess man, that your apprehensions were ill-founded; confess, that *Shenstone-Green* is the happiest spot in the whole world.

Many men have many minds, sir, said Samuel; it would be *atrocious* in me to break in upon a gentleman's pleasure, though he is, as it were, trusting his hopes to sea in an eggshell. Far be it from me to brew the tempest; but, as your Honour hath imposed on me this stewardship, in which if I increase my profits, I increase also my pains, I think it my duty to speak my mind;

mind; and this I can do with the more assurance, as I have obstinately refused any kind of family-advantage, from a scheme which I never did, nor ever *shall*, relish. Not that I am without persons, sir, in my family to whom two hundred pounds a-year would not be a comfortable sinecure; but I am an industrious man myself, and do not like to cherish idleness in any of my race. Add to which, your Honour shall never have it to say that Samuel Sarcastm put it out of his power to speak his honest sentiment (on this *atrocious occasion*) by taking a sort of bribe. Every one knows the effect of hush money. I scorn it. That being the case, I wish your Honour would hear me.

And what wouldst thou say, Mr. Samuel Cicero, the conceited, said I?

I would say, sir, replied Samuel, that your scheme is not better put together than was that of your renowned rival Don Quixote de la Mancha. Why, sir, do you imagine any human society can long preserve its harmony without regulations? Here have you brought together into one little spot of ground more than half an hundred people, all, or mostly all, strangers to each other. Do you forget that with that half an hundred of people you have crowded also into the same space at least half a thousand contrary *passions*? You will say, in reply, that most of these pensioners are exalted from adversity to prosperity;

rity; I answer, so much the worse:
 the transition is too rapid. That
 misfortune which is taken away *all*
at once creates a levity that is omi-
 nous; but, if it is removed by *degrees*,
 the head and heart may possibly
 bear it decently. It is confessed,
 some of these persons have been ruined
 by their ill stars, others by their ill,
 or at least their imprudent conduct.
 I might even admit that not one of
 them is *vicious*; but I must insist also,
 that every *one* is an human being,
 and, consequently, addicted to old
 habits, and not brought without dif-
 ficulty to the adoption of new; nay,
 I myself fir, do not, nor cannot, feel
 myself at home in this same steward's
 lodge that you have built up for me.
 It is, to be sure, larger, finer, gayer,
 N 2 grander;

grander; but it has not, as I may say, the ease of the *old slipper* about it. It wants a thousand little things that, in fact, may be of no figure, but in the estimation of fancy, who is the goddess of us all, more or less, they are of immeasurable magnitude. Perhaps, sir, you will laugh, when I tell you that, in my new lodge I miss the three wooden pegs—on which I was, for so many years, accustomed to hang my hat, my great coat, and my cane-string. It is true there are a dozen fine showy brass hooks, of which one might make the same use; but, if I tell you that, in my notion, they do not fit my *purpose* so well, or rather that they do not fit my fancy, you must blame human nature and not me, who am only a poor imperfect

fect atom from the dust of the earth. Be assured, sir, nothing in the world, but my loving your Honour's quiet better than my own, could make me spend the twilight of my day, when all should go on still and softly, amongst a set of idle creatures collected into one little circle, where it is as impossible they should subsist in tranquillity as it is for yon steeple to stand without a foundation. I beg your pardon, dear and honoured sir, I beg your pardon, but you will find it as I say. I know the species—I know the species.

Oh! no, my good fellow, replied I, much softened by his conversation; that may be the case with societies in general, but *Shenstone-Green* is so picked, so guarded on the one hand

by gratitude, and on the other by convenience, that, depend on it, you will find yourself agreeably mistaken.

I wish it heartily, answered the steward, for to keep your generous temper in the same golden dream, I could almost wish, for once, the order of nature inverted. But, I sir, am an old fellow that have looked quietly into the heart of man for many years; and I fear you have built up a village full of arguments against the possibility of your happiness. Men carry their natures and wonted dispositions wheresoever they go. But my duty calls me away, as I see by yonder clock at the side of the church, and therefore I humbly take my leave of your Honour.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIII.

CONTAINING THREE GREAT SURPRIZES;
ONE FOR THE READER, AND TWO
FOR CERTAIN CHARACTERS.

THERE is a particular kind of conversation which seizes upon all the faculties of the hearer, and leaves him in an anxious state betwixt doubt and conviction. Such was the emotion at this time wrought in my mind by the sentiments of the steward whom I never considered before as any thing beyond a shrewd sarcastic being; but in this last discourse, which, by the bye, he delivered in a tone unusually persuasive, there appeared to be a sagacity and knowledge of men, manners, and nature,

ture; that struck me. I confess I was even startled. The possibility of having so long laboured in vain—the bare possibility of a disappointment in a hope so tender and so indulged, threw me into a very deep pain of thought. It was the hour of night too, in which meditation is heightened, The moon shone, and I indulged my reverie.

Under such influence I rambled into the wood that lay at the back of the buildings, and there I sat down upon a bench which was shaded by the thickest foliage of several beeches, while it at the same time commanded two or three of the different paths.

Presently along the most sequestered of these appeared the figure of a female,

female, who sighed sorely and repeatedly, as she passed. She paced backwards and forwards for some time, and at last stood fixed with her eyes up-lifted to the moon, whom she addressed in the following manner :

Oh ! divine and silver Queen of the Night ! If *he* still lives whom I adore, may his bosom be calm and unruffled as thy ray at this moment. May his heart never share the agonies which he has heaped upon Eliza. If, Cynthia, thou art indeed the guardian of the Chaste, exert thy utmost influence, that he may not ultimately be lost to Eliza !

I was just going to rise and advance, when the rustle of the leaves
behind

behind me, and after that, the surprise of a plaintive voice repeating these verses, deterred me :

- “ In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 “ Where heavenly pensive Contemplation
 “ dwells,
 “ And ever musing Melancholy reigns,
 “ What means this tumult still in SIDNEY’S
 “ veins ?”

When the voice ceased, I perceived a man with his arms folded, sliding, as it were, round a groupe of semi-circular bushes which led him into the front path where I had, a little before, seen the lady. Here, in less than a minute, the two met, exactly in the instant that each was pronouncing the name of the other.

My great God!—exclaimed the lady.

Oh!

Oh! righteous heaven!—cried the gentleman.

No, sir; (said the lady, disengaging herself on a sudden from the embraces of the stranger) I am still Eliza. I ask not by what means you found me in this asylum—I am wronged.

I sought it to soothe my sorrows in a new and unknown part of the world. It is on this principle that I am Sir Benjamin's pensioner. I arrived two days ago.

And you will depart to-morrow. It is impossible for both of us to taste the benevolence of the patron of this place. My injuries are still in my heart.

And

And is no part of Sidney there, Eliza?

Ought any part of Sidney to be there?—answered Eliza, in the most penetrating tone.

Ah! madam, it was my accursed delicacy, and the pride of my youth—it was not my heart that ever injured my Eliza. I have been by the world, and its follies, reduced to the want even of bread since we last parted; and had it not been for the benevolence of Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, who takes me merely on the credit of some unknown friend, I had been utterly lost.

Too proud to own Eliza, sir, I find, even when you wanted bread.
But

But I have served you, Mr. Sidney, in despite of yourself.

You?—*you*—Eliza?

I was the unknown friend, who took care that, if you were living, you should be an inhabitant of *Shenstone-Green*.

Obligations, madam, heaped on the head without hope of repayment—I say, Eliza, there are minds—minds of a certain frame, which—

Fresh injuries, Mr. Sidney!

No, madam.; the balance is even—nay, I know not but the scale may turn in *my* favour. You was at a masquerade in some danger——
Recollect.

My

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My very life and honour was preserved by a generous domino.

It *was* so, Eliza; and I triumphed in disguise.

Save me from ruin; yet refuse to speak, or to discover yourself, sir.

For *that* very reason, I cannot bear to be out done by Eliza.

Nor I by Mr. Sidney. I will be revenged yet—nay, I *have* been so. You are in my debt after all.

Impossible, madam.

Remember your situation at Mr. Joshua's.

Ha!—Go on.

The scratch of the sword is still in *my* arm, sir.

Confusion,

Confusion, madam; you rescue my body to stab my soul—my sensibility is bleeding at every pore. I had rather die than not be on an *equality* with Eliza. Her superiority kills me—but one way is yet left.

Name it.

My joy at finding you here is so big and so unexpected, that I shall certainly soar above even the ambitious flights of Eliza; for I will bear to be *her inferior*, and, for the first time in my life, yield up the delicacy of being on a *level* with the woman I adore.

Then you *have* conquered.—Ah! Sidney, why so long in yielding?—What miseries might have been prevented!

Blessed

Blessed be Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, Eliza!—We are safe in his paradise—he is the guardian of our sanctuary. (My heart fluttered, reader.)

He is more a God within the last hour than ever, for I now know he is in possession of Mr. *Sidney*.

Take care, Eliza, your very tendernesses must not *surpass mine*. Your love, madam, is not superior.

Is not a kiss usually the seal of a lover's forgiveness, *Sidney*?—I suppose you know that our delicacy demands, as usual, inviolable secrecy. No body is so much as to *suspect our passion*. Love is hurt by being known to a third person.

Have

Have I ever, madam, been void of
that sacred and essential delicacy?

But a *hint*, you know——

Is an insult, madam.—I am as
nice as yourself.

Not *more* so, fir.

No—*perhaps*, not more so.

Perhaps—!

I tell you again, Eliza, I will bear,
to-night that you shall hold the *first*
place in the dignity of passion. Tri-
umph, triumph, Eliza.

On that score, then, we are—
friends.

Friends, madam?—no, we are not
friends.

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O

Lovers—

Lovers—lovers—if you will—
 Lord, why don't you take my
 hand then and kiss it as you used
 to do?

Here these over-delicate lovers, who
 had thus met by accident, went out
 of the wood in the greatest harmony,
 after all those little spars which discover
 affection. I left my bench, and followed
 them so as not to be seen, had they even
 looked back. Curious to know the
 full extent of this uncommon deli-
 cacy of sentiment, I pursued them
 even to the door of the lady's house,
 at which they exchanged kind ex-
 pressions, and very modestly separated.
 The gentleman tripped across the
Green to his own apartments.

The

The exultation I felt at the finishing of this transaction was by no means inconsiderable. All the *sombre* ideas which the steward had spread about me were vanished. No, no, Samuel, said I, there is no truth, after all, in thy seemingly solid sentiments. If my adventures continue to go on as they have begun, *Shenstone-Green* shall boast its empire over the heart as well as the imagination. A lover is already restored to his mistress, and though both may be a little too punctilious, said I, both are amiable.

I now walked home to bed, kissed my darling Matilda, (as it was always my rule before I went to rest) and then dreamed of Sidney and Eliza. Happy rest to Thee, reader.

C H A P. XXIV.

BEGINS WITH THE PROPRIETOR'S BENEVOLENCE, AND ENDS WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF A WHISTLER.

THE next morning's sun rose golden upon *Shenstone - Green*, and I went early forth into the adjacent fields to taste the loveliest hours of the four and twenty. As I passed the circus, (than which nothing in Eden could well have been more beautiful) I felt a kind of sensation which seemed to say, these fair environs are, Benjamin, of thy own creation; it was thou who caused the rose-tree to be thus saluted by the dashing dew-drop. Yon lillies, pinks, and eglantine, which send their

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their odours on the zephyr, were of thy planting. And, ah! more voluptuous and more dear to thought, thou it was who adorned these little repositories with the happy souls which now inhabit them, and caused every dwelling to be surrounded with sweets. The very sun seems to dart on thee, as thou thus standest in the centre of thy works, his rising ray of approbation. Every pensioner is now in the balmy arms of sleep. Lovers, who were before divided, are dreaming of to-morrow's interview. The lately-separated husband and wife are brought again, by thy means, into the bed of reconciliation. The invalids of the place are reposing themselves. Those who had fallen from the heights of fortune into the vales

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of distress, have here a cradle in
which they are lulled into peace. In
a word, thy whole family is at this
moment in elysium.

Ah! SHENSTONE, wert thou but
here to complete the felicity which
was by thee suggested, how perfect
would it be! This fond idea led to
a consideration of that amiable man's
moral character, and I could not help
exclaiming, in the words of a poet who
at once imitated and lamented him :

“ They call'd him the pride of the plain—

“ In sooth he was gentle and kind;

“ He mark'd in his elegant strain

“ The graces that glow'd in his mind.

“ On purpose he planted the trees,

“ That birds in the covert might dwell;

“ He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,

“ But never would rifle the cell.

“Ye

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“Ye lambkins that play’d at his feet,

“Go bleat, and your master bemoan;

“His music was artless and sweet;

“His manners, as mild as your own.”

I had by this time got into the fields, where I perceived walking with large full strides over the ridges of the land, a man who seemed to be crossing the country on some business of the utmost dispatch. He was tall and well made, but in that sort of dress in which appeared the marks of a gentleman reduced. He had an handkerchief in his hand, with which, from time to time, he wiped his forehead. His shoes had all the look of having laboured through a long journey, and the dust of the road had deeply embrowned his once-white stockings. Yet, notwithstanding all

these marks of a vagabond, there shone through his shabbiness a certain air of fashion and dignity, which denoted him to have known better days. Upon seeing me walking along the green side of the hedge, he still quickened his pace till he came up to me, whistling all the way extremely loud.

We exchanged bows.

Sir, said the stranger, in a noble and full pronounciation, can you direct me the nearest way to the mansion of Sir Benjamin Beauchamp?

Have you any particular commands with that gentleman?

No commands, sir; but many entreaties. I come with recommendations to him from particular friends.

Who

Who may those friends be, sir?

They are, as I understand, the only ones who could procure a man the honour of Sir Benjamin's protection.

Have the goodness to name them.

Poverty and a feeling heart.

Powerful advocates it must be confessed, sir.

Yes, they are so; and it is under such splendid patronage, that I have the confidence to offer myself as a candidate for *Sbenstone-Green*. There, sir, is a voucher for my truth.

Here he took from his pocket a letter, and again requested I would direct him on his way.

I believe,

I believe, sir, said I, looking at the superscription, you may suffer me to break the seal of that letter.

Whew, cried the stranger, how could I be so long mistaken? Where is fled, all at once, my knowledge in the history of human faces? How has it been possible for me to overlook lineaments so palpable? That open brow, and that expanded eye—to whom could they belong, but to Sir Benjamin Beauchamp! There, sir, read your letter.

L E T T E R

To Sir BENJAMIN BEAUCHAMP.

“DEAR OLD FRIEND,

“YOU still ask me to collect candidates for *Shenstone-Green*, which
 “you have built on a very new plan
 “indeed.

" indeed. This scrawl will be put
 " into your hand, by a person whom
 " I have known as many years as
 " I have known your. In all that
 " time, his immense riches appeared
 " his least attraction. We have
 " monuments of him in several parts
 " of this city, which will carry his
 " character, with that of Sir Ben-
 " jamin Beauchamp, to posterity.
 " To my utter astonishment, he now
 " complains of a sudden turn which
 " makes him seek a sanctuary with
 " your *Shenstonians*. I have myself
 " offered him money to any amount.
 " He rejects all examination into his
 " affairs; and says, the only favour
 " I can possibly do him, is to say a
 " decent thing for his distress to my
 " old friend Sir Benjamin.

" With
 ———

“ With regard to *decent things*, as
 “ he calls them, were I to say all
 “ which I know of Mr. Seabrooke,
 “ the bearer, I must write a volume,
 “ and not a letter.

“ I am, dear Sir Benjamin,

“ Your old friend

“ And humble servant,

London.

“ P. PECKHAM.”

Mr. Seabrooke, said I, as soon as
 I had finished this letter, the only
 matters which distress me on this
 occasion, are, first, the inconsiderable
 size of the *Shenstone* premium, when
 it is compared to the property which
 you have been accustomed to com-
 mand; and secondly, that you should
 have been under the necessity of com-
 ing

ing to your little pittance on foot.
Had I known, sir——.

Whew—Sir Benjamin, said Mr. Seabrooke interposing, do not you be afflicted at the very things which form a material part of my happiness. There is great variety, in a man of my temper, in thus stepping from an unweildy fortune, to such a one as I can very well manage. It cuts off superfluous anxiety. It is like entering a neat cottage (where one detects an impropriety in a moment), after coming suddenly out of great apartments, whose length and vastitude prevent the possibility of being *accurate*. With respect to *walking*, it is the favourite exercise of my life; I sometimes divert myself

self with objects on the road, which, my being *on a level* with them, offers to observation; and yet, which, had I been perked up beyond my natural height on the back of a horse, would have been all overlooked. In a gay may-lady, or in gilded bug; in the twist of a branch, or in the colours of a flower; I see a satisfaction, which, though I very sensibly feel when I am in the proper humour, I shall not attempt to describe. If, therefore, you have the goodness to give me my own way, you will bestow one of the smallest houses of your new town, and slit the yearly pension between two.

In the course of this conversation, I had turned about towards *The Green,*

Green, and we were on the way home to the mansion-house.

And this, I presume, is your *New Paradise* (said the gentleman, as we came within view of *Shenstone-Green*). Here, you amuse yourself in a way wherein you will find few to applaud, and *none* to imitate you. For my part, the chief satisfaction I shall find under your protection, is to live in this fair world, and join the chorus of happy creatures in their oraisons and vespers of, gratitude. Whew—what a divine Sir Benjamin you are!

I led Mr. Seabrooke from hence to the mansion-house, where he, I, and Matilda, sat comfortably down to breakfast.

Young

Young lady, said he to my daughter, you see a very proud beggar before you. I am come to seduce your worthy father, by a whining tale, out of two hundred a-year and a good house. As you are his only daughter, and consequently his heir, pray how do you relish this scheme?

My father, replied Matilda, is in full possession of my sentiments on that head; and will, therefore, more gracefully inform you of them, than it is in my power. Yet, I cannot but add, that as I am convinced Sir Benjamin is ever delicate in selecting his objects, I feel additional satisfaction at seeing two hundred pounds a-year *more*, likely to be laid out to the best advantage.—She curtesied.

Oh!

Oh brave! damsel, rejoined Mr. Seabrooke, but do you rightly consider how many much finer things might be done with that sum of money, Miss Matilda?—but your very name is an encouragement to poetical projects.

No, really, sir; pray instruct me how that is possible, said Matilda (putting the sugar into Mr. Seabrooke's cup.)

Why, two hundred pounds *per annum*, answered Mr. Seabrooke, would enable you (supposing it to be reserved wholly for fashionable luxuries) to do a great many genteel and imprudent things, of which you have now, perhaps, no conception. If it were laid out to advantage, you

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might, therewith, do a great deal of mischief. It would even go a considerable way at the card-table, and give you the head-ach, or the heart-ach, for a week together. For ought I know, you might contrive to ruin your complexion (clear as it is) for ever, with the sum which you are here going to expend upon a poor fellow with a pair of rusty shoes, and a coat of camblet. Really, young lady, it is a serious affair, and I would have you think well of it before-hand—I would, indeed.

And now you talk of that, Sir Benjamin (continued Mr. Seabrooke, after a short pause) I cannot but think *you* are engaged here in a very singular piece of business. Why,
my

my good sir, do you maturely reflect into what innumerable channels this ocean of money you have exhausted on brick, mortar, and men, who are no way allied to you—do you, I say, consider, how such riches might have, as it were, deluged every dishonest sense about you, in that pleasure which is so much the general pursuit? Instead of your ample range of houses, which rob Sorrow of her destined prey, and the real scoundrels of the earth of their ridicule, might you not have built up stabling for the finest steeds that ever were seen; and might you not have had the satisfaction of inviting the world to see your fine horses, instead of your poor men and women? Instead of erecting a *Church*, could you not, at

less expence, have built a *Seraglio*, and peopled it with destitute beauty, and defrauded innocence, in the manner of many persons of fortune? Instead of giving away such loads of wealth, might you not have put in for the chance of doubling it at the hazard table; and even if you should perceive the die go against you, is it not a sort of exit made popular by the practice of modern men of spirit, to retire from the gaming-table in elegant disorder, and very philosophically shoot yourself through the head? Instead of providing for the subsistence of such a pack of poor wretches, as, in the wise opinion of the world, have no *right* to the appetites or passions of nature, could you not with the solid

cash, or as the miser calls it more emphatically, with "the good hard money" so expended, have made a river of claret, and swam in all the voluptuousness of the most expensive drunkenness? In fine, might you not have been the most gainful usurer, or any other celebrated character much coveted amongst men, had you acted in a prudential way? Instead of which, you have nothing to show for forty or fifty thousand pounds, but a large handsome village, which does not bring you in one shilling of "good hard money," a few tears and smiles from poor souls who have nothing else to give you; a private pleasure which pleases your conscience, without filling your purse; and the expectation of a something

thing yonder (here he pointed to heaven) which is of so little weight in the estimation of other people, that they would not lend a single guinea upon such security. No, Sir Benjamin, you may go on as you please, but if you cannot answer this conduct to yourself, I do not know who you will find amongst your friends that will step forth in your behalf. They will be afraid, sir, to say any thing in excuse, lest the same singularity should be expected on their part.

The fine ironical tone which attended this speech, led us immediately into the oblique compliment it conveyed; and Mr. Seabrooke had, herein, so developed his own character,

rafter, that all further description of him is unnecessary. I take it for granted, the reader hath a very favourable idea of him, and would wish a more intimate acquaintance. It is most likely he will not be disappointed.

Suffice it to say, at present, that, after a great deal of persuasion, both from Matilda and me, he agreed to live in the mansion-house in a family-way, but still insisted that I should save nothing; for, though I might stop something for *board*, he said, he was resolved to have the rest of his pension like another pensioner.

As look and manner is not very accurately put into written language, I cannot well tell you how this last
 observation

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observation occasioned a sincere smile.
I just remark, that Mr. Seabrooke is
a man with whom it is impossible to
be offended.

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